

# THE GETAWAY

Volume ABC123 Number 24!

Thursday, 4 December, 2001

<http://www.mu.ualberta.ca/goaway/>

## University expands to Edmonton, outer space

Priss Bouquet  
MEANDERING EDITARD

University President Rod Gazer unveiled a new plan Friday to expand the campus throughout the city of Edmonton, and into the far reaches of outer space by the year 2006.

Gazer explained that, following a fifth-overall ranking in the influential Maclean's magazine university guide, the U of A is expecting a tremendous increase in student numbers.

"We predict that over the next three months, the number of full-time students studying here will be around 3.7 million," said Gazer. "Projections have said as soon as next year, a substantial influx of students will be at our gates for our superior education system and wicked-cool campus bars."

The problem, said Gazer, remained in accommodating these students. He said, "Where the hell are we going to put all those fucking people? Clearly, our only option is to take over the Edmonton area, and then to declare ourselves the Masters of the Universe with a floating space station of some kind."

PLEASE SEE "MOONWALK" ON PAGE 3



Ridiculous costumes were no match for the decision-making power of the BoG Monday morning.

Mucus Vents / THE GETAWAY

## Costumes ineffective against heartless BoG

Jhenhisher Pahbihllahno  
MEANDERING EDITARD

In a baffling turn of events, colourful costumes proved ineffective in the fight against tuition hikes Friday morning.

Though many had thought costumes would be the deciding factor in the tuition battle, the garishly outfitted protestors were shocked when the Board of Governors (BoG) voted to raise tuition by a total of 10.65 per cent. An extra seven per cent increase was added out of the BoG's overwhelming disdain for the students' campaign.

"It's totally fucking unreal," said Marcia Blackpool, a third-year Human Ecology student dressed as a California Raisin. "What kind of world is it when people don't think gaudy costumes convey a strong message of student solidarity?"

Swatting at passing undergrads, Blackpool added, "Stop laughing, fuckers!"

PLEASE SEE "COSTUMES" ON PAGE 2

## U of A ranking rises due to VIDS

Batman Frozentard  
NUDES PAWN

The U of A is now third in the Maclean's rankings—thanks solely to the efforts of VIDS.

Due to the unwavering efficiency, success, and dependability of the Video Information Display System (VIDS) in SUB, Maclean's has bumped the U of A up two spots in their annual rating of Canadian universities.

VIDS has been instrumental in supplying students with advertising, posed photos of the SU Executive, and at key times, an uninterrupted computer error message. Recently, another \$20 000 has been spent on the VIDS project by the SU.

Student reaction following the publications of the MacLean's report was spirited. "Yeah, I caught VIDS once, back in the summer of '96," said third-year Engineering student Michael Hunt. "It was at a floor party in Lister, my first year here at the U of A. Information system? TVs? What the hell are

you talking about?"

Hunt then collapsed on the floor, convulsing and soiled his pants.

University President Rod Gazer also voiced his support for the SU's canny investment. "We're absolutely thrilled about this development. The SU, like rest of the U of A is finally being indisputably recognized for its reckless spending and innovative ideas that turn out to have no benefit, and here are the numbers to prove it," said Laser, indicating the ranking with a diamond-studded laser-pointer.

VP (Student Life) Gwen Spanky was enthusiastic about the recognition. Because of the success of VIDS, Spanky will be going ahead with other projects which include a roller-rink in SUB, a Kokanee shrine in the food court and a cigarette machine in her office.

Said Spanky, "Oh yes, VIDS. Well, I actually ended up taking the \$20 000 and going on a cruise over the summer. Students are such suckers. Uh, just kidding, don't quote me on that. Seriously, I'll give you a movie poster."



Today

99 Fuck man! Gretzky! Get off it!

### Quote for the day

*Quantum Leap* is very much popular all over the world, mainly because of its optimistic nature and unique combination of drama and music.

— Ronit Selig, IMDB reviewer

### This day in the Getaway's history

Engineering graduate Todd Umlaut sued the University for "neglecting to provide him with the proper education," after he found out that his Engineer's degree did not permit him to drive a locomotive.

1986

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Well, spit on a gypsy. If it ain't the issue when we totally lose our jobs.  
See you at the EI office ...

## Jammies Speer stolen from SUB offices

Priss Bouquet  
MEANDERING EDITARD

The rash of break-ins suffered in the Students' Union Building continued Monday as Vice-President (Operations and Finance) Jammies Speer was reported stolen.

Over the past three weeks, SUB has fallen victim to 36 break-ins and thefts. Items reported missing have ranged in value greatly, causing Campus Security and the Edmonton Police Service (EPS) to consider the thefts to be isolated incidents, and not the work of some crack team of international office-supply thieves.

But of all the goods stolen from SUB, Speer is being considered a fairly low priority in the investigation.

Besides Speer, other stolen items include five laptop computers, miscellaneous custodial equipment, the potato chip rack at Kim's #1, a blue-and-white Credit Union toque, and the entire fourth floor of the SU building.

Jen Wanke, VP (Student Life), also tearfully reported a "whack of Kokanee stuff" stolen from her

office. "Those coats and backpacks represent 25 years of work I've done here at the university. They can keep Speer," cried Wanke.

Campus Security Officer Ronnie Hawkins said that resources would be allocated as necessary to deal with the demand. "We understand the Students' Union needs to find their missing and undoubtedly highly important VP, but, due to the vast amount of stuff we have to track down and a lack of manpower, we'll be putting the search for Speer on the back-burner."

"Also, Miss Wanke threatened the life of my mother and I can't pretend that hasn't influenced this case," said Hawkins.

"Right now, we're stepping up the hunt for that missing Kokanee gear."

Upstairs in the the SU offices, the shock has yet to wear off for some. SU President Chris Samuel expressed his disbelief to the Getaway, stating that "shit flew out of his ass" when he discovered Speer's absence.

"It was really quite bizarre," said Samuel.

PLEASE SEE "SPEER" ON PAGE 2

# THE GETAWAY

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Opinions expressed in the pages of the Getaway are expressly those of some self-indulgent author and do not necessarily reflect those of the Getaway.

The Getaway is created using Snapple Slappin' Crotch Computers, Hewlett-Packard ScanJet 3c and Umax Astra 600S flatbed scanners, and a Polaroid SprintScan 35 Plus optical film scanner. Adobe InDenial is used for layout. Adobe Illustris is used for vector images while Adobe PomoPac is used for raster images. Adobe Acrobat is used to create PDF files which are burned directly to plates to be mounted on my springy bed frame. The Getaway's games of choice are Dave Dobson's marvelous Snood, and Sid Meier's Civilization II Gold.

## Underlings

Gyrating Knob, Pristine Omen, Blarin' Choppingcreek, Madame Poostain, Gaymond Toastmaster, Judge Reinhold, Joey Joe Joe Junior Shababu, Messy Fecal, Cheese Owesomedebts, Feelin' The Itch, Late Horse Whisperer, Jackoff Sadli, Batman Frozen-tard, Man Gazin', Iva Cheung's Hat, Heather Adler, Tricia Lowrey, Katie Kovacs, Chris Krause, Brendan Procé, Bike Splinters, PB & Jen, Lloyd Majeau, Alex Labarda, Rudi Gunther, Ryan Peniuk, Cool Man's Schlong, Joel Chury, Kati Slovaks

# Costume protest raises tuition seven per cent

"COSTUMES" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The protest was organized by the Self-righteous Whining Individuals Group (SWIG). About 30 costumed students arrived to protest at the BoG meeting, expecting the BoG to immediately accept their demands of a tuition freeze upon sight of the outlandish garb.

Instead, BoG members broke out into open, scornful laughter at the students' unorthodox method of protest. After 15 minutes of continuous mirth, BoG members voted immediately to increase tuition by the proposed 3.65 per cent. Out of sheer contempt, a motion was introduced by BoG member Judge Reinhold to add the extra seven per cent. It subsequently passed.

Reinhold later stated that the

motion provided the costume campaign with the attention it deserved.

Said Reinhold, "As soon as I saw the guy dressed as Captain Janeway, I couldn't help myself. It was the least I could do to show my unadulterated derision for this pathetic attempt at a student protest."

"Did they honestly expect us to capitulate at the sight of a Scooby Doo outfit?" said Reinhold, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "Really, five or six of them didn't even bother to dress up."

However, Blackpool disputed this fact, saying several members were dressed as more obscure icons like Canadian astronaut Marc Garneau, Russian writer Fyodor Dostoevsky

and Oscar winner Meryl Streep. She cited this oversight as reason for a more accountable BoG.

**Walking like a man, hitting like a hammer, she's a juvenile scam. Never was a quitter, tasty like a raindrop, she's got the look. Heavenly bound cause heaven's got a number when she's spinning me around, kissing is a colour. Her loving is a wild dog, she's got the look.**

"If they can't get their acts together and see the fine details, I don't see how they can be fit to make decisions about the direction

of this university," said Blackpool. "Davina was totally wearing the headscarf from *Sophie's Choice*. I mean, honestly."

Students' Union Executives present at the meeting said they felt the costume campaign detracted from the SU argument for a two per cent cap on the increase. "Of course they hurt our campaign!" said President Christ Samuel, gesturing wildly. "Are you totally fucking deaf? The last seven per cent was out of sheer spite! Holy living fuck!"

Samuel then grabbed VP (Academic) Amy Whatshernome by the shoulders and shook her repeatedly for the next 20 minutes, crying, "Costumes! Sweet merciful Lord: costumes!"

## Speer theft low priority in Campus Security search

"SPEER" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"When I came in Monday morning, I had this strange feeling that something was, you know, missing. But I just shrugged it off and carried on with my incredibly important and well-executed paperwork. Around two or so, it suddenly dawned on me: shouldn't someone be pestering me right now? And that's when I went to check in on Jammies and found the door to his office wide open and his office was empty."

"That's very uncharacteristic of Jammies," Samuel explained. "I mean, sometimes he leaves for a few minutes to use the washroom if we've forgotten to change the newspaper [covering the floor of his office] before leaving for the weekend, but even then he draws a picture showing where he is going and for how long."

Samuel was not optimistic that Speer was merely lost somewhere in the building.

"Jammies is more of an 'indoor' VP—he's always been afraid of crowds and loud noises. We just had him de-clawed in September," said Samuel. "We thought he might have gotten stuck behind a bookshelf while exploring or something, but we've turned this place upside down looking for him."

"If the police can't find him, we just might have to go down to the SPCA and get a new VP Ops and

Finance. That would really be hard on [VP External, Kory] Zwack. He was pretty attached to the little guy," Samuel added with a sigh.

EPS Constable Stan Rogers expressed doubts that Speer would still be alive if theft was the case. "If what I've heard about [Speer] is true," said Rogers, "then the thieves would have likely found him to be more trouble than he was worth. My guess is Speer would have attempted biting or scratching the culprits during his transit, as he apparently hated being picked up. I would assume the perpetrators probably just dumped him on the ground on route to their vehicle in order to speed up their escape."

"If that was indeed the scenario," added Rogers, "I would find it highly unlikely that Speer had the necessary people, skills and resourcefulness to make it to shelter from the elements."

Speer was last seen wearing "Jar-Jar Binks" pajamas with attached fleecy booties. Samuel said he had not been groomed on the morning of his disappearance and was likely to be "quite scruffy looking."

Should students find the missing VP, both the EPS and Campus Security urge students not to approach him. Instead, they are asked to contact EPS or Campus Security so that animal handlers can arrange to pick him up.

## 'Info Reg' sick and tired of being called know-it-all

**Divin' Seamen  
Gaymond Toastmaster**

NUDE STAFF

ferred 'Good morning. Information Registries. Reg speaking,' Johnson trailed off and broke into tears, muttering something about the cat in the cradle and a silver spoon.

From that point on, Johnson was unaffectionately referred to as "Info Reg," a nickname commenting on Johnson's information-digulging prowess.

Over the past few months, office tension escalated as Johnson continued to excel despite the unnerving presence of hatred and sweet, sweet love-making noises from coworkers. Even after complaining to director Bottom, who quietly massaged Johnson's inner thigh during the confrontation, Bottom was neither sympathetic nor empathetic.

The complaint will be presented to the Office of Human Rights next Thursday. "I just hope they're more receptive," said Johnson. "My loins are still on fire, and I don't know how much more I can bare. I mean bear. Shit."

InfoReg, a Masters of the Universe owned and operated service, manages an online exam and housing registry, info booths across campus, and takes part in annual campaigns to promote awareness of all four food groups. Earlier this year, Information Registries announced that it plans to have all worldly information registered by late next spring.

## COUNCIL CRIME BEAT

*Council Crime Beat meets every second Tuesday in the Education Parking Lot near University Hall. Council meetings are open to all students. But not cops.*

### Attendance

Not in attendance was VP (Academic) Amy "The Blade" Whatshernome, who had a conflicting engagement with a shallow grave in the south corner of Foote Field.

The meeting began with SU VP External Kory "Nibbles" Hack recapped the previous meeting. He was summarily dragged off kicking and screaming by members of Safewalk. A 20-minute debate followed on whether he should be killed gangland-style or execution-style. The discussion was brought to a close when President Christ Samuel had everybody kiss his

ring, remarking, "Ain't nobody squeals on the family."

• There was a brief interruption as SU VP (Operations & Finance) Jammies "The" Speer was found mumbling to himself in the corner, reeking of mothballs and wearing sweatpants soaked in excrement. He was trespass from campus.

• A request by SU VP (Student Life) Jen Kokanee for \$50 000 in order to expand VD throughout SUB was turned down when Councilor Bland Charma pointed out that was an eighty-thousand fold increase over her going rate.

• The SU Exec refused to reveal any details of the deal giving coke a monopoly over on-campus distribution. Councillor Yucky Tars expressed concern for "students who prefer black tar heroin." He was overruled by Samuel, who noted that Canadian students have a greater need than ever for "sweet sweet nose candy."

• Funding requests were approved for hiring goons to rough up people manning the SUB APIRG tables, and for Wanke's Antifreeze dinner for Inner City Children. The latter request was granted on the condition the bodies would be properly disposed of, instead of just dump-

ing them behind the Mech E building as in previous years.

• Plans to expand SUB into racketeering and bootlegging were put on hold due to poorer than expected returns for the food court's prostitution kiosk. Samuel said this was a temporary measure, citing excellent returns from Rehab Med's perogy sale.

• The meeting was halted abruptly by Campus Security, who took all participants into custody on the grounds that they had been warned on several occasions about loitering around the Education Parking Lot.

Compiled by Madame Poostain

## IN YOUR OPINION

If a train is headed due east toward London at 65 km/h, and another train is headed toward Petrograd at 95 km/h, with windspeed of 15 km/h in Luxembourg and temperature slightly above 35° Celsius, at what time will both trains encounter a fog heading northeast from Istanbul?



Ursula Orsine  
Science I

Well, personally I would think it was nine o'clock, but if others might have different opinions then I can't hold that against them. It's just the way you look at it. Everyone has their own perspectives and we should respect that.



Bob Stauffer  
circa '90

Revvin' up your engine: listen to her howlin' roar. Metal under tension: beggin' you to touch and go. Highway to the Danger Zone! Ride into the Danger Zone! Ohhh, man! I am totally pumped for *Top Gun II*! What was the question again?



Andrea Knube  
Nutrition IV

Time? Let me tell you about time. Back in 'Nam, we knew about time. Like the time my platoon and I were forty miles out of Kasai and Charlie came screaming out of the bush. Screaming! Oh, we knew about time, all right, and there wasn't time for anything but your M16 and your best friend bleeding in your arms. And when I came to the U of A, they spat on me!! THEY SPAT ON ME!!!



Aidan Priestley  
Agriculture IV

Trains? How can you talk about trains at a time like this? Everyone knows that trains are like planes, and after all those people died on 11 September, I just don't think this is an appropriate topic for a university paper.

Compiled by  
Madame Poostain and  
Jhenhifher Pahbillahno



Mucus Stench / THE GETAWAY

## Space campus to be constructed in 2006

"MOONWALK" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Added Gazer, "There'll probably be some rocket ships as well. They could only help assert our position as the best school in the history of the world."

The University's five-year plan involves turning the Garneau area into student housing by 2002, the downtown core into a food court by 2003, Belgravia and Mill Woods into an alkali wasteland devoid of life by 2004, and by 2005, Gazer hopes to rezone the north and west ends of the city as "relaxation and crash space" for students having finished their long and treacherous journey across campus.

Outer space expansion will be completed the following year, and includes plans for a floating arcade, an eighteen-floor nightclub, badminton courts, and a gigantic, featureless empty room provided for students to run around screaming in. It is yet to be determined whether room will exist for the Chaplains' services on the new campus.

So far, the plan has met with unanimous support from the citizens of Edmonton. "I think it's totally great that my home is going to be levelled and replaced with a bunch of uncomfortable Ikea couches for students to sleep on," said Clareview resident Rhonda Bernhardt. "Frankly, I was getting a little tired of having a place to raise my family. I think it'll be way more interesting to travel the globe as a bunch of creepy nomads."

Garneau Theatre employee Steve Thomas also supports the razing of their historical landmark and its surrounding neighbourhood.

"Yeah, this building is getting way too fucking old anyhow. This

space is much better off as ridiculously unaffordable residences for rich kids," said Thomas.

"I mean, who goes to the movies anymore?" asked Thomas. "Losers—that's who."

*"Our house had the biggest patio. Our house had all the summer shade. We had patio lanterns. I'd spend half the night making lemonade, which we drank a lot 'cause we were all so shy—shy and nervous. Who was gonna be, who would be the first to dance? Who was gonna be, who would be the first to kiss? Under those patio lanterns."*

— Kim Mitchell

Gazer was vague in his response when asked how a University that is eight million dollars in debt planned to build a self-sustaining space station in a time where space construction technology was still largely science fiction. "Well, we, uh, plan to allocate things from the ... place with money to the, um, space ... ether. It's going to involve a lot of scientific things that you probably won't understand," said Gazer, sketching indeterminate plans in the air with his hands.

Gazer then added something about the University being "indisputably recognized," and eventually trailed off, turned his chair to look out the window, and pretended to be transfixed on something outside, possibly a squirrel.

## RANDOM SPACE FILLER 4 U!!!

With the story above not quite fitting the space allocated to it, I am forced now to write a space filler. At first, I planned to write an epic retelling of the story of Gilgamesh

entirely in Esperanto, with extensive and imprecise use of the umlaut and tilde. Then, I realized this was a 40-word space, and stopped.

— Jhehnifher Pahbillano, MD

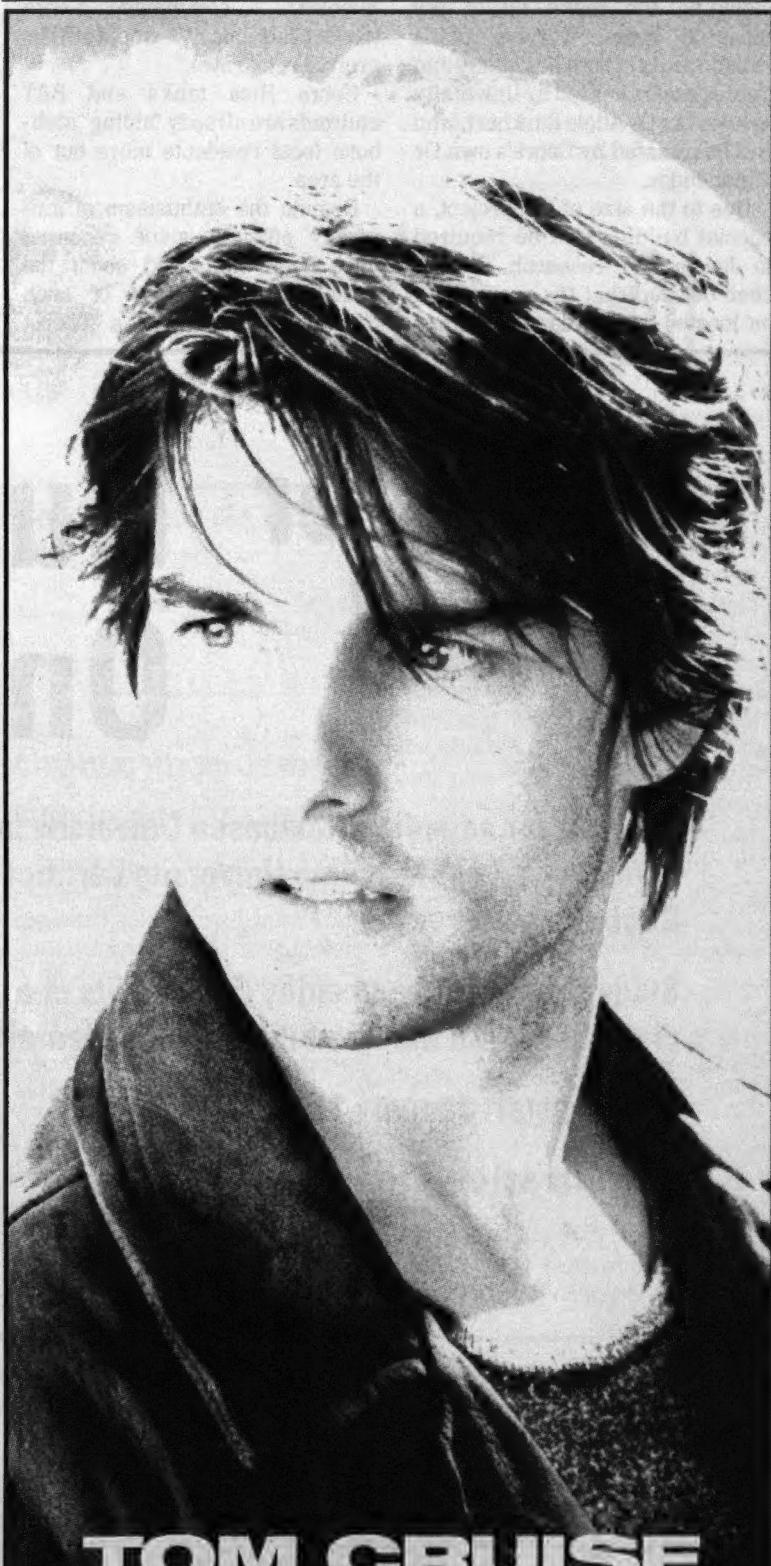
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## Cobra funds University research into 'Really Big Lasers'

The Amazing Mumford  
NUKE STAFF

The University held a press conference this past Monday to announce that it was accepting a \$500 million dollar research grant from the international renegade terrorist group Cobra to support research into Really Big Lasers and related technologies.

"This is a proud day for everyone at the Unibrow of Old Bertha," exclaimed VP of Research Dr R Slovi Kachanowski. "Once again, our established record of excellence in research and our willingness offer up agriculture students as forced labour, has attracted some of the most discriminating benefactors."

Cobra Commander, Cobra's leader and chief mastermind participated in the conference via "hologram" technology from his heavily-defended stronghold on Cobra Island. "With thisss technology Cobra could rule the world, and at the same time help out ssstudentss and educational insitutionss," screeched the Commander. He also added "BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!"

Some of the project details were announced at the conference, including the make up of the research team. Current plans include a mix of both University and Cobra researchers led by University researcher Dr Adele Burkhardt, who will be assisted by Cobra's own Dr Mindbender.

Due to the size of the project, a special building will be required to house the research. It has been decided that the project will be located in sub-basements one



Supporting U of A laser research, Cobra Commander presents a donation to Gary Kachanowski, VP Research

through twenty-five under the new Engineering Building/Terrordome that will be built in the Garneau area.

This location was chosen over a new Southern location because of commuting concerns.

"Even if we used some [of Cobra's single person flying] 'Trouble Bubbles,'" commented Cobra trooper Jeff Jones, "It would still be pretty far to travel."

Cobra Hiss tanks and BAT androids are already "aiding" stubborn local residents move out of the area.

Despite the enthusiasm of university officials, some concerns have been expressed about the potential ramifications of such research. Rumours of a "secret

clause," attached to the grant, calling for the sharing of any discovered technologies has created concerns that any Really Big Laser discovered could be used in a ridiculous and contrived terrorist scheme. In a meeting with University officials, interested parties expressed their concerns regarding the university's choice to accept the funding.

"I've been dealing with Cobra since the early 1980s," explained GI Joe commanding officer, General Hawk, who has had several public disagreements with the clandestine organization. "As MIT learned with the Cobra-sponsored Weather Machine project you can't trust those dirty snakes. YO JOE!"

University officials were quick to

respond to General Hawk's comment. "Without this kind of private funding, Really Big Laser research could not happen at this university. If we're going to make this university a world class centre for research into the area of Really Big Death Weapon technology, we can't just refuse funding because of a few naysayers."

According to a recent article in the *Cobra Island Courier*, Coca Cola was originally approached to fund the laser project, but the deal fell through due to disagreements over an exclusivity clause. When asked to comment, Cobra spokesperson Frank Destro said, "What? I can't hear you. I'm wearing a metal mask. Please get me a can opener, my fucking face hurts."

## Underground creatures gobble up U of A jobs

And-Ra!  
PRINCESS OF POWER

The Perversity of Alberta's Board of Governors has unanimously decided to replace all support and custodial staff with goblins.

Goblins are the horribly disfigured mutations of human beings, and given their disdain for all mankind, tend to dwell in the lower nether-regions of the earth.

"Given the current economic situation, we decided it was time to integrate with the humans. With the amount of work they have for us, it only made sense," said goblin spokesman Jainus Smurgle.

Smurgle blamed a loss of investment revenue resulting from recent world events as the driving force behind their emergence into the human world.

Masters of the Universe President Christ Samuel said the goblins' aversion to light made them perfect for unwanted night shifts. And given the their hatred of each other, they really had no interest in unions. "We are also looking for ways to cut back and increase expenditure funds. Paying each goblin individually really gives us room to screw them over—completely. Which is vital to saving students money," said Samuel.

Tony Chavez, a former custodial employee in SUB was outraged upon hearing of his termination. "This is an absolute outrage. Sure, they're sturdy, but I'm just as hairy."

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# BOUTET ROCKS

boutties@mu.ualberta.ca

Thursday, 4 December, 2001

THE GETAWAY

## WEAK JABS AT TIMELINESS

### Can't Harry Potter stop the Taliban?

Since the War on Terrorism has laid waste to much of Afghanistan and its people, the world has been searching for answers. How do we end the misery of these hundreds of thousands of people? What is the answer to their pain? Who can solve their Rubik's Cube of strife?

Perhaps the hundreds of pundits on CNN should stop strategizing and take notice of the obvious answer. Among the many reports of bombing raids and refugee camps, there has been precious little focus on Harry Potter.

Well, I've seen you in action in that *Philosopher's Stone* documentary Mr Potter, and I know your abilities. The diplomacy you showed when taunted by your fat cousin was a Winston Churchill-esque feat of politicking. I've marvelled at the stealth and speed you display when equipped with a broom. I beheld your courage when you battled that slovenly troll, admired your brilliant strategizing against that giant three-headed dog, and I laughed robustly at the whimsical antics of your cloak of invisibility.

So why has the western world neglected this one-boy peacekeeping force? Just what are they scared of? Could Harry Potter be a bespectacled threat to the very usefulness of the mighty UN? NATO? The American military?

Perhaps it is simply the fear of the Middle-Eastern equivalent of Harry Potter, but I've seen the Aladdin films, and if old Uncle Walt Disney taught me anything, it's that Aladdin

and his wise-cracking genie only want to entertain us, nothing more.

There must be bigger reasons behind the secrecy shrouding this miracle of science and technology. Just imagine the possibilities of a Harry Potter in war-ravaged Afghanistan. After sneaking into enemy strongholds with his aforementioned coat of invisibility and turning the Taliban fighters into chocolate frogs, he could feed them to the starving children while also delighting the youngsters with a few parlor tricks, such as turning shrapnel into peanut brittle. And who better to reach out to the marginalized women of Afghanistan than someone who is often bullied and becomes invisible when he puts on a cloak?

So why is this miracle of modern warfare being hidden, tucked away at a private school in the English countryside when he could be single-handedly bringing hope and peace to a nation or even the world?

Perhaps those filthy British are forcing him into a life of conjuring up "double-decker buses" or making potions against gingivitis. Or could it simply be that the mighty American War Machine realizes that not all the stealth fighter jets and cluster bombs in the world are a match for a young boy with magic in his heart.

Brave Salamander  
EDITARD-IN-CHAPS

## RETARDS

### Vaginas scare the living fuck out of me

I would like to express my extreme disappointment in the *Getaway*'s editorial staff for their decision to include a graphic rendering of a woman's nether-regions in their "newspaper."

After seeing this horrible abomination of science for the first time, I shit my pants, fell down five flights of stairs, cracked open my head, and choked to death on my own vomit. But I'm okay now.

The *Getaway*, however, is not okay. In the future, please keep vaginas where they belong: under at least five layers of clothing and in outer space, where they will no longer be able to hurt anyone.

DR HERMAN MELVILLE  
ASTROSMASH EXPERT, LEVEL IV

### Is Robocop as cool a movie as I think it is?

In response to Winston Churchill's article on the People for the Ethical Treatment of Vegetation, "PETV a bunch of fuckheads" (25 November), I'd like to point out that the agriculture industry is disseminating dirty, self-serving lies. In fact, millions of baby peanuts are ground up every day to make "peanut butter" and

fruit is eviscerated and boiled alive to make "jam."

And yes, this process is as horrific as the name "jam" suggests. When you eat cereal, you're consuming the fetuses of wheat and oat plants, who have their children forcibly stolen from their bodies before they are even born.

The agriculture industry is part of an elaborate conspiracy that tries to entice you into ingesting plants with their "nutritional facts" about the "vitamin" and "fibre" content of fruits and vegetables. What they neglect to tell you is that eating causes your body to make "feces" and painful flatulence.

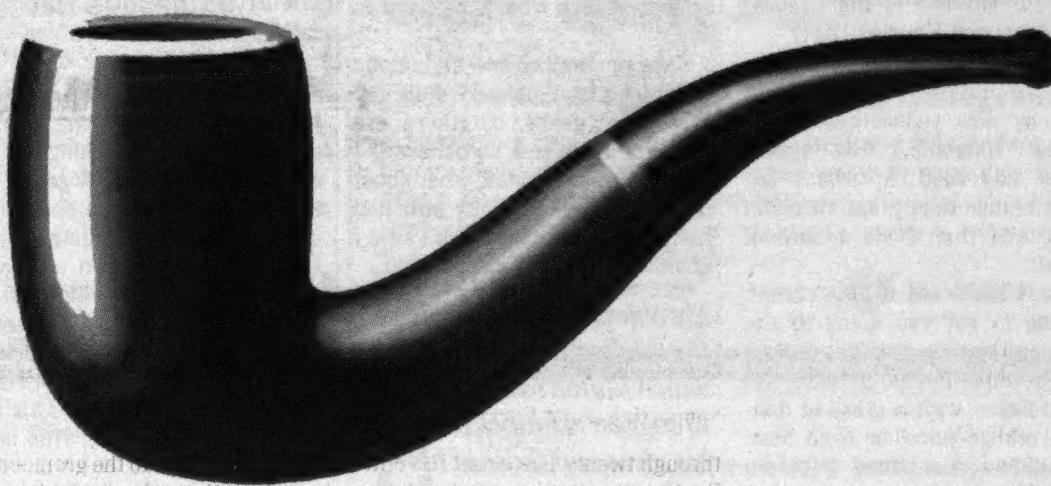
Don't buy into the sob stories of "farmers," who claim not to have enough money to sustain a livelihood. If you support them, you're helping them perpetuate an inhumane death industry.

HE-MAN  
ETERNIA III

### Tourette's nothing to ass tits tits fuckhole cock laugh about

I have to say that once again I'm deeply offended by my "so-called" student newspaper.

The connect-the-dots rectum ad for Campus Proctology was deeply offensive, but the recent Feces Cat (27 November) cartoon was a new low of deep offence for the



Ceci n'est pas une pipe.

-Bisings 01

### Getaway

Why does the so-called cartoonist find it funny to make fun of people with Tourette's Syndrome, huh fuck-ass-fuck? At least shit the nuts and piss-fuck you if you can't say anything cock-nice. I demand a bastard snatch cum-face fuckin' fuck-fuck.

Tourette's is not some shit-ass, ass, ass-cock ass affliction-cock to make dink out of. I imagine fuck-hole fuckshit fuckfuckfuckfuck.

I can only hope in the cock-future that asshole-shit-fuck the *Getaway* avoids such deeply piss-fuckshit cockcrammer assfuck fuckhole offensive fisting fuckcock-cockcock ... asspiss-shitfucking.

In conclusion, fuckholefuck-stopfuckingfuckeryfuckfucktruck.

BOBBY MCFERRIN  
COMMUNICATIONS II

### Unfounded nonsense

Shit totally flew out of my ass, ears, mouth and nose when I read Brave Salamander's editorial, "SU lobby could be tidier" (18 October, 1956).

By saying that our lobby is not in the state it should be, is Dave saying that our student councillors are doing a bad job? Because I will defend the councillors to the death against that sort of bashing! I'm on your side, folks!

Dave also apparently hates accountability. Does that mean he hates money? That he hates students? That he hates God? Maybe even babies?

Bad newspaper! Bad, bad newspaper! No!

CHRIST SAMUEL  
EL PRESIDENTÉ

### Orange juice/cashier incident hilarious

One time, I went with my mother to the Safeways, and she bought me some orange juice, but I drank it all before we got to the counter.

After the nice lady counted all our groceries, she was like "Is there anything else?"

And I go, "Yeah! Just some fuckin' orange juice! Bitch!!!"

It was so funny.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT  
DEAD

### Egon still the best Ghostbuster

I was enraged by the entire Opinion section of the previous issue. In fact, all issues.

Don't you realize what a destructive force opinions are? Opinions cause wars in the Middle East, baby killing, racism, and homosexuality. Encouraging opinions is tantamount to rape and murder, and is a completely irresponsible act.

Priss Bouquet should be ashamed of himself, as by perpetuating opinions he's no better than a common

child molester.

The only way we could ever hope to live in peace is to rid society of all opinions and anything stemming from them. Provincial legislation to make every Albertan undergo frontal lobotomies, just like they sterilized the retarded, is a good first step to eliminating opinions.

There would be no more conflicts of personalities, no more parliamentary debates; we could just let our brain stems do the work, get back to our primal roots, and live as animals now do: in complete bliss and security.

ROSS ANGELES  
TRANSFORMERS III

### Virii misunderstood

Hi! How are you! I send you this file in order to have your advice! Thanks. See you later.

Letters to the editard should be dropped off the roof of the Stupid Onion Building, or e-mailed to glutmyinbox@su.ualberta.ca.

The *Getaway* reserves the right to edit letters for lameness and sex appeal, and to refuse publication of letters it deems spazzy, dumb, full of lies, or in opposition to our glorious agenda as a newspaper.

Letters to the editard should include the name, measurements, hotel room number, and pants of the author, to be considered for ripping up and throwing around my office in haste.

# I am totally hilarious



Batman Frozentard

So, by now you've heard that George Harrison, the "quiet" Beatle, has died. At first I felt sad, and then happy, and then sad again, and then I ate a bowl of cereal.

Now, I know we all like cereal: nothing to get you going in the morning like a nutrient-packed bowl of wheat-flakes, or better yet wheat-flakes with a glass of delicious orange juice, or even best: a twinkie and a pound of brown sugar. Ha ha!

But really, I think that we all see the correlation here: George Harrison ate too much health food for his own good. I mean it.

Everyone knows that sugar excites you, right? Nothing to get the blood flowing to the brain like a sugary slushie, or a stick of sweet, sweet red licorice. Harrison could not possibly have eaten much sugar, because the guy was always so quiet, hence the "quiet" Beatle title he acquired.

So what does this mean? He may have died of dysentery-like symptoms from eating too much fibre, because he must have been eating wheat-flakes, if not twinkies and pounds of brown sugar, to sustain himself, especially in the morning, because what other choices are there, really?

That's the thing about choice: there are often so many things to choose from when making a choice, which is good, because it gives you selection, but bad, because it hurts your head and makes you want to go to the bar and get destroyed on

cheap beer. Ha ha!

We all have to make choices, like deciding how George Harrison probably died. Now the media tells us he had "cancer," but who's going to believe the media? Pack of ravenous wolves they are, adding exciting detail just to make you, dear reader, absorb what they have to say.

Have you noticed how all famous people die from cancer? Well, not everyone I guess, but there are some, and can this be believed? I don't think so. I mean, what about chemotherapy? The guy still had hair in the last photograph I saw. I definitely smell media cover-up.

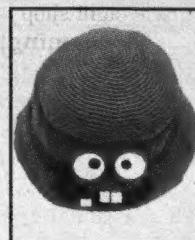
*My object was to emphasize the intellectual milieu from which Milton's ideas arose, to suggest affinities between his ideas and those of his radical contemporaries, not to claim identity. Often his views developed in conscious disagreement with those of the Leveller or Ranters or Socinians.*

But what else can you expect out of this work-a-day world of ours? It just works like that. Stories arise, like Harrison dying, and you feel all sad, but then you realize the whole thing is probably a big lie, to make some tit money, and it makes you laugh, because you realize how absurd everything really is.

But then, suddenly, you get sad again, of course, because you know that someone did actually die. And dying people make me sad. Where's the sugar for my wheat-flakes?

I just let a big one rip, and jeepers does it stink. But did I, really? Don't believe everything you read, because people like to publish smack. Am I telling the truth? Unfortunately, you'll never know.

# Iva is crazier than a shithouse rat



Iva Cheung's Hat

Life as a hat is good. I basically just hang out all day long, whiling away the hours, checking out the scenery and having a grand old time. Many of you no doubt recognize me as "belonging" to Iva Cheung. I am my own hat, actually, and my relationship with Iva is symbiotic; I provide her head with protection and warmth from the elements. In turn she provides me with a perch from which to watch the world go by. This is all very well and good.

However, lately my association with Iva has extended beyond one of fashion. People are beginning to equate her slightly leftist views with my own. The dire results have included the end of a long-term relationship I was having with a beret named Alice and my subsequent termination from the Starter Caps factory.

My father, a minister, and currently perched atop Pope John Paul II's head, won't talk to me and whenever I call my mother, she just weeps and says, "why couldn't I have had a fedora, like the one Indiana Jones wears?"

For the record, I think Iva's views are sketchy at best. Her disdain for car alarms, capitalism, Hollywood Glory films and the physical quality of University degrees is deplorable. Clearly, a BSc in Physics does little in the way of actually educating people about how the world works. I feel ashamed, now, for being party to such journalistic atrocities.

It is incredible to me that someone who seems reasonably articu-

late in her writing could be such a ... oh, what's the term I'm looking for? Ah yes: fucking lunatic.

I suppose I can't really fault her completely. Her upbringing was highly unorthodox. Neither of her parents care much for hats, citing "hat hair," "lameness" and "cost" as reasons for not wearing any. However, I know the real reason behind her parents' hate of hats.

*It is not known exactly when John Milton actually wrote his epic poem Paradise Lost, though many scholars guess that it was written in London around 1650–1660.*

When Iva was young, her parents took her to a factory outlet for hats. While browsing the wide selection of fine quality hats, Iva's klutzy father, Armando Phillip Cheung, bumped into a shelf, causing a mass of caps, top hats, mortar boards, sombreros and toques to fall on top of him and his wife, Nancy Renalda Cheung.

All Iva could do was stare wide-eyed at the carnage before her. After that, her father forbade the wearing of hats, told her car alarms were evil and essentially turned her into the left-wing nut that she is today.

That isn't to say, however, that Iva

is all that bad. Obviously she has sense enough to defy her father's hat restriction and wear me. As a result, I've slowly been able to shift her views on certain issues. For example, I single-handedly changed her opinion of Canada's Constitutional Monarchy. With a little more coaxing, I could probably convince her to assassinate the Queen. I wouldn't, of course, but I'm just trying to illustrate the sort of power that a good hat can have over its wearer. Especially a wearer as suggestible as Iva.

Between you and me, I was responsible for most of the work that got her through her undergraduate degree. Now that she's doing an after-degree, the pressure is on again. At the end of the day, my influence over her writing is weak because of all the effort I've had to put in for the rest of the day.

However, as the New Year is nearly upon us, I will make a promise to all Getaway readers: I resolve to protect you from the nonsensical ramblings of Iva Cheung.

Her meandering thoughts and treatises on life, school, and government will no longer bleed Liberal-red. Once I've regained my energy over the break, I will ensure level-headed articles praising tuition increases, Joe Clark, and privatization. That'll learn ya!

## Dave Alexander's ZZ-TOP TEN

### Random people, places, or things

- 10 Legs
- 9 Beards
- 8 Spinning Guitars
- 7 Frank Beard
- 6 Old
- 5 Billy Gibbons
- 4 Sharp Dressed Man
- 3 Dusty Hill
- 2 Eliminator
- 1 ZZ-Fucking-Stop



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# I just ate a hippopotamus for lunch



Priss Bouquet

Most "students" don't know this, but last weekend a drunk, dink-eyed robot ate a sack of wet Norwegian porno and beat a dead homeless cat back to life with my back porch.

It's true, but what can you expect from "The City of Suckmonton": a place so vile that blind people rob kids to pay for an operation that will get their sight back, just so they can then "tear out their eyes?"

Maybe Bill Smith should "give a shit" about this rancid city for once, instead of spending taxpayers' money duct-taping sheep dogs to his pants and Fed-Exing used copies of *Footloose* to the Spanish Armada.

I mean, seriously, have you seen downtown? It's like a leper blew up an old sack of cancer in an outhouse and called it a "city." Fuck, I like the mayor about as much as I like Kevin Bacon (which is about as much as I like wearing underwear made of napalm).

I do like some things, though, like one-sentence paragraphs, putting things in quotes, or asking rhetorical questions in my articles.

"Right?"

Uh, yeah, so like I was saying, or "not saying," I was sitting in my Write class, trying to care and not "stab myself with metaphors" when my prof assigns like, a soup truck of reading homework.

Other than cramming Doritos down the throat of baby Jesus or

possibly getting an anthrax enema from a squirrel that looks like Rod Fraser's dog, there is (and I shit you not) nothing I would rather do less than peruse the "brilliant" musings of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*.

Hey, Thomas Paine, do you realize that you're totally fucking retarded? Like wicked-bad, have-to-wear-a-helmet-to-go-to-the-7-11 retarded?

Fuck, I'd rather "read" Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* while laying in a bathtub full of three-day-old bat guano and broken Pilsner bottles while a Freemason ate my face.

*If England was 'to be the first restorer of buried truth,' as Milton and many others hoped, this entailed obligations to the churches abroad, the Huguenots, the Dutch, the Swiss and the Scots from whom Laud had tried to isolate English Protestants.*

Hey! Guess what? No one cares about dead people! Don't believe me? Just take a look at this conversation I made up between the Dukes of Hazzard and Stalin:

**Duke #1:** Check it out, our completely stupid car just ran over Russian dictator Josef Stalin.

**Duke #2:** Hey Stalin! We just totally ran over you. Take that, Five-Year Plan!

**Stalin:** How did you American pigs get your huge gaily-painted future-car in the men's room of the Kremlin? And why do I smell toast?

**Duke #1:** Hey aren't you dead? And what's with that lame moustache. Seriously, it's terrible—you look

like my grade eight shop teacher. **Stalin [screaming]:** For Christ'sakes, stop honking that lame novelty horn and help me unhook my ribs from the fender before I have you purged!

**Duke #2:** If our doors weren't welded shut, we'd totally kick your ass, Stalin.

<uncomfortable pause, Russian foot soldiers heard running down hallway>

**Duke #1 [turning to Duke #2]:** Uh, we'd better go. It's your turn to change Uncle Jessie's diaper.

**Stalin [shaking fist]:** The free-market economy will never replace collective farming!

The truth is that, no matter how fantastic the concept of fictional in-breeds running down a mid-century Russian dictator is, there's something about this war in Afghanistan that should have us all up at night hoping to God that George W and the American collective aren't just playing nuclear Colecovision with our person freedoms.

War will not rebuild the Trade Center or any other pillars of democratic freedom. If history has taught us anything, it's that... aw, fuck it. Who am I kidding?

Cats, laser-eyes, bag of dinks, porno, bags of porno, homeless guys, the moon, duct-tape, steam shovels, poison ants, stupid-stupid kids, face cancer, space cancer, pants, lameness, the Maginot Line, Thundercats, dog-cats, toast, Write 398, Tron, Doritos, "sucktown."

The Swedes, gypsies, medical waste, shoes, Saturn, my porch, *Police Academy 3*, useless Arts Degree, a handbag full of cock, the Hindenburg, pork chops, Transformers, pirates, more robots than you can fit in a '78 Volvo, some homeless guy stealing crab-apples from my yard, Libya, and finally, a giant backpack full of ass.

## Why won't the ladies get with me?



Jackoff Sadli

Fuck, ladies. I just can't be subtle with you, can I?

After months of shamelessly using my column as a free personal ad, I still ain't getting any. My passive-aggressive tactics of self-promotion don't seem to be working all that well. As such, to save myself any more wasted time, this is my last-ditch effort to use this newspaper to get laid.

I think the problem with my previous attempts is that the many qualities I possess that would make me the world's hottest boyfriend have been spread over too many articles, so I'm going to make it easy for you and summarize them all for you here:

I'm super freakin' nice. But only in a completely heterosexual, assertive, masculine kind of way. I write for a newspaper, so I must be a sensitive and thoughtful intellectual. I mean, you can tell that I think about a lot of profound and provocative issues, like sex and TV.

My friends tell me I'm funny, and

Down to 1642, Milton's career had been an almost consistent success story. He developed slowly, but at Cambridge he won the affection and respect of undergraduates and dons alike. He was dissatisfied with the education he received there, but thanks to his father's generosity he was able to spend many years educating himself more satisfactorily, culminating in his journey to Italy ...

I can only assume they mean funny "ha-ha," not like "the milk's gone funny" kind of funny. I keep a regular regimen of personal hygiene, and given my sexual history, you can almost be guaranteed I'm STD-free. Oh, and man, am I hung. Like a horse. Hell, like a fucking elephant. You can actually see my dink from space.

And I'm lonely. Horny and lonely. I'm lonelier than Espen Knutsen when Geoff Sanderson's out with an ankle injury. I'm lonelier than Bert Convy drinking lemon gin on the back of a stegosaurus that he brought back to life with his mind. I'm lonelier than any chain of strung-out jokes relying on flimsy metaphors could possibly express.

Alright, one more: I'm lonelier than David Schwimmer sitting on the edge of his bed at home, waiting to hear the results of his syphilis test. Huh? How about those? Pretty funny, hey? Ladies?

So if you shack up with me, baby, you can expect some hot, passionate, sweet lovin'. Well, after the first couple of times at least, since premature ejaculation's probably

going to rear its ugly head. But you've got to understand, it's only natural after years and years of pent-up sexual frustration.

If you don't believe me about my size, or otherwise want to check it out for yourself, just come over to my place tonight, say, around 7:30pm. I'll have a romantic cheese pizza delivered and I can listen as you talk over fine wine for you and a case of beer for me.

If you want, we could talk about how much I hate the new *Star Trek* series, or why obstruction-hooking should be taken out of the NHL rulebooks. Whatever you want; just talk to me. Please. I'm nice.

If tonight happens to be the night you need to wash your hair again, no worries. I just got a massaging showerhead installed, and I've stocked up on five different flavours of novelty edible shampoo. I've got it all covered.

Man, if this still doesn't work, I'm going to say "fuck it" to this piece of shit newspaper and join a frat. Whoring myself to jailbait doesn't seem like a bad idea right about now.

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- 1998/99 – Dr. F.F. Cantwell, Chemistry
- 1998/99 – Dr. B.S. Heming, Biological Sciences

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**Eligibility:** Nominees for the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching must have held a full time Faculty appointment in the Faculty of Science at this University for at least five years prior to nomination. Previous Winner(s) of the award are excluded from further competition. Students can also nominate Professors from a Faculty other than Science to receive a Certificate for Excellent Teaching (details are available from CW223).

Information: Contact the Chair of the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching Committee:

Dr. W.J. Page, Associate Dean  
Faculty of Science  
CW223 Biological Sciences Building  
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# SPLIFFS

THE GETAWAY

Thursday, 4 December, 2004

sports@mu.ualberta.ca



## Metaphors run wild

### Fooseball

The Bears butted heads with the Regina Rams on the road last weekend. The world's leading uranium-exporter (Saskatchewan) wasn't kind to the Bears as they had their gall-bladders surgically removed and sold on the Asian black market by a score of 44-13.

### Hockey

The Bears might like AC/DC but they weren't Thunderstruck recording a 3-2 victory over the grounded UBC T-birds. The Bears were caught hibernating on Saturday as the T-birds showed lightning flashes of offence late to even the beams. The Bears weathered the storm for a 3-3 tie. The Pandas caught the Lethbridge Pronghorns in their headlights last weekend, as they swept the small, skittish antelope-like Prong' hockey players by identical 27-0 scores.

### Hoops action

The Bears lead the U of M Bisons over a cliff on Friday 87-52. The Alberta squad made rope out of Manitoba's ligaments the following night 90-74. The Bears used every part of their offence recording 45 assists on the weekend.

On the women's side, the Pandas shot, skinned and left the lady Bison's carcasses to bloat in the sun by a mark of 64-32. On Saturday, the Pandas used the Bison's hides to make coats for early century RCMP officers, 73-52.

### Volleyball/Balleyball

The Bears bumped, set and spiked the Dinos 3-2 and 3-1. Power Sandy Henderson was the original Yor (Hunter From the Future), recording 28 kills—his big swats kicked-up dust, blocking out the sun, causing a decline in vegetation, leading to the Dinos extinction.

The Pandas came up against the rampaging Calgary Dinosaurs in their pre-historic match-up. Being far from extinct, the Dinosaurs used their walnut-sized brains, to lumber to 3-1 and 3-0 wins.

### Soccer

The ancient-Greek, homosexual-like defense of the Trinity West Spartans proved no match for the Pandas, who booted out a 2-1 win and a 1-1 tie on a field near wherever Trinity Western University is located. Ironically, the Bears were both marauded and pillaged by the UVic Vikings at last weekend's national championship tournament in L'Anse aux Meadows, NFLD. The Vikings laid seige but were turned back by the champion McGill Redmen.

### Sports quote for the day

"When the chips are down, you give 110 per cent, one game at a time; not looking past this weekend because the future is now."

— Jean-Paul Sartre

## Hockey Bears join hunt for Nazi gold

### U of A Golden Bears

#### vs

#### The Third Reich

**5-2**

Allied scorers: Steve Shrum, Lee Marvin (2),  
Dave Myson, Clint Eastwood (EN)

### Colon Savant A SPORTING CHAP

The U of A Bears hockey squad may know a thing or two about CIS gold, but that's nothing compared to their recent adventures in Germany.

Last week, the Bears joined up with a rag-tag group of American GI's led by a tough-as-nails private named Kelly.

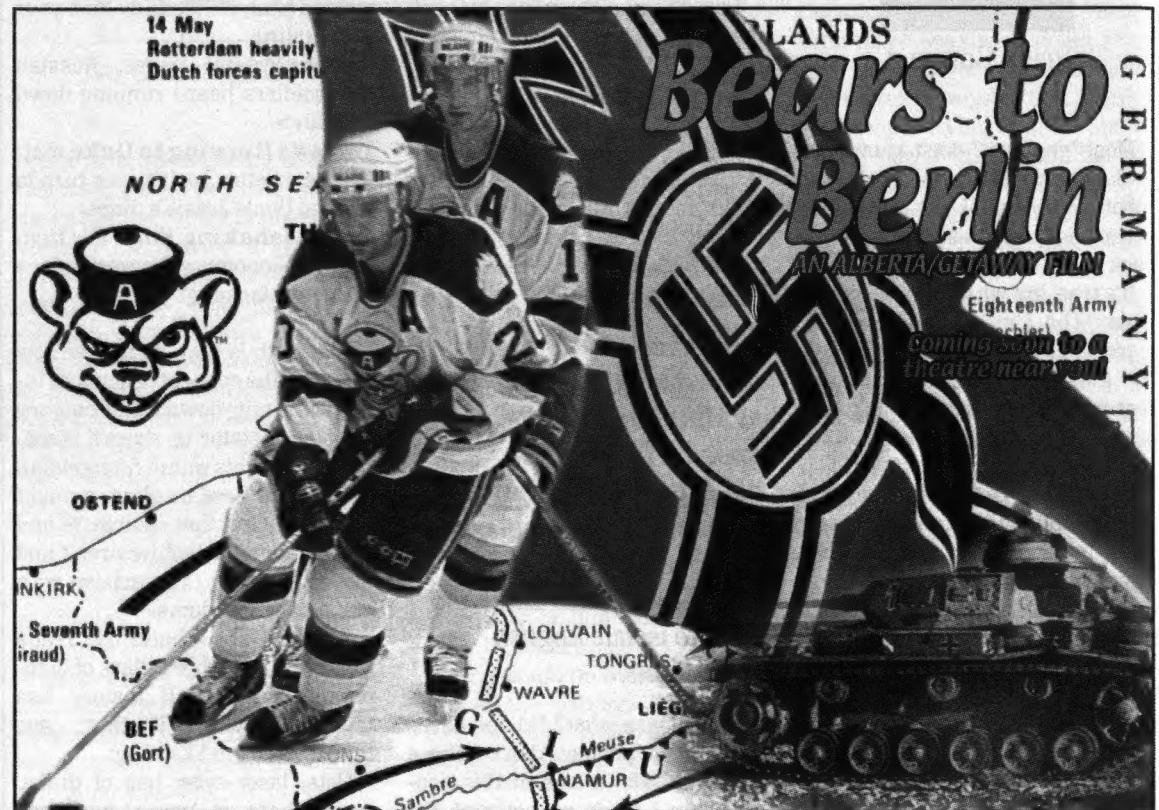
The combined squad drove deep into enemy territory on rumours that \$16 million in gold bars was being garrisoned in a small but heavily defended town in the German highlands.

"This is the time of year when you find out which side of the ledger your guys are on," said Bears head coach Rob Daum, who described the play as physical but not overly chippy. "It was a good test for us."

The group of dog-faces was composed of malcontents, con-men, and crazy characters of every stripe, to which Bears added powerplay production, a stalwart blueline and a tandem of conference-leading netminders.

"You have to expect that [the German army] was going to come out hard-hitting," said winger Mike "Goose" McGhan. "I mean they've been to the dance before and they now what it takes to win, just look at their numbers."

Though tempers sometimes ran high in the platoon, a good effort



from across the roster assured success against seemingly insurmountable odds.

Despite being vastly out-gunned, Joseph "Brooklyn Joe" DeFazio's 50-calibre machine-gunning neutralized the German infantry's powerplay while commander Donald Sutherland—a beatnik before his time in charge of a trio of Sherman tanks—solved the opponent's superior mobile armor.

After a furious battle, won as much by individual effort as the cleverness of the Allied tactics, the gold was loaded onto trucks from the town's vault.

The Bears' top line of Shrum, Wade and Knoblauch performed admirably along with a good fore-checking effort from the second

line which kept the Nazi power-play at arm's length.

The Allied squad was dealt a blow when Charlie "Baby-Face" Johnson, a fair-haired private from Kansas, no older than 19, was mortally wounded in an effort to save the Bears' fourth-line grinders who were trapped in a foxhole.

"I never heard the shot," said the private as he slumped dead in Captain Telly Savalas' arms. Earlier, the gruff officer had been irked by Johnson's constant complaining, but was moved at the youngster's heroics—his actions saved the Bears penalty-killing unit from an advancing Panzer.

Next on the menu, the Bears will team up with the Hardy Boys to solve the mystery of Smuggler's

Cove.

"It'll be a good test for us," said captain Blair St Martin. "I think everybody in the room has got what it takes to be there when the final buzzer sounds."

The team isn't taking it lightly, though.

"Frank and Joe [Hardy] are clutch players," said Steve McQueen, who has taken up a regular winger position on the Alberta team.

"There's been talk of a smugglers or even a ghost, or possibly even pirate ghosts, but we'll be ready," said McQueen, polishing his .45-cal Thompson submachine gun.

That series will take place 29 December and will be broadcast on Armed Forces radio.

## McQuitty hired as Athletics Director

### Styles Caramaggio THE SPORTS STAFF (WINK)

Three months of speculation ended Monday as U of A booster and bartender Mark McQuitty was named athletics director.

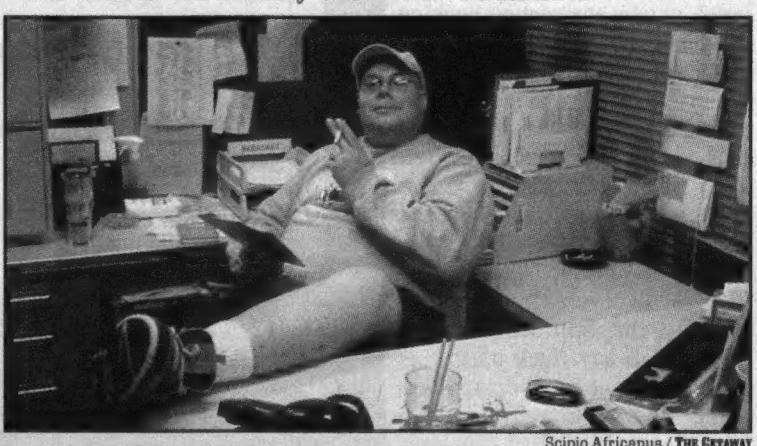
"I've got a lot of ideas," said McQuitty. "First of all, hockey players may choose not to wear a helmet. Secondly, all tabs are cleared as of now."

The news of tab-amnesty was

greeted with a collective cheer throughout the department, especially from the Pandas hockey team.

"I can't convey in words what this means to me," said one elated Panda. "This is the greatest day in the history of the program."

McQ takes over the position after it was left vacant for three months—for no apparent reason other than the previous director wanted a demotion.



Under McQuitty's plan of CanWest contraction several schools will be closed.

## 'Hippie-frisbee' popular among hippie sympathizers

### Moon Unit Zportsa STATS STUPOR

For those of you who can't get enough golf, football and frisbee, you're in luck.

A new sport is fighting to fill the void left by hackey-sac. Dubbed "ultimate" the sport portends to combine elements of three major sports while remaining non-com-

petitive.

Though despised in most circles as a collectivist sham, players of the game defend it with the ferocity of rabid badgers.

"You have to play it to understand it," said "ultimate" enthusiast Jenny Case.

"It's a terrific way to relax after a hard day of downloading Phish MP3's or making your own yogurt."

## Gridiron Bears look on as SMU tramples Bisons in Vanier final

### Noel "Sgt Fury" Chury SPORTSNUTZ.COM

The Golden Bears football team finished the 2001 season celebrating the defeat of their Canada West rivals, the Manitoba Bisons, in the Vanier Cup.

Gathered in RATT, the team hooted and hollered at the television, critiquing every play and decision made in the game.

Quarterback Blair "Zeus" Zahara

handled beer duties while Darryl Salmon supplied chips and dip.

The Getaway staff also ordered runningback Nathan Connor a pitcher of beer, but disappointed Connor and crew when someone else's pitcher was placed in front of him. Recovering from the faux pas, Connor made a break for the men's room but was stopped near the Golden-Tee machine, where the allstar back remained throughout the third quarter.

Eventually, St Mary's won.

## McFarlane's alternate Patches unveiled

Artist had son's friend provide final proofs for varsity teams' logo

**Columnist Gallantifesto**  
SPLURG! ON YOU!

Following the lead of major sports franchises, the University of Alberta recent financial problems have led to alternate jersey sales to boost the budget.

"Jersey sales are the sweetest plum," said athletics official Burton Von Teags. "Mr McFarlane has created a something which truly captures the spirit of the fighting Panda—a Panda for the 21st century—this Patches is the original panda from Hell!"

The artist agrees.

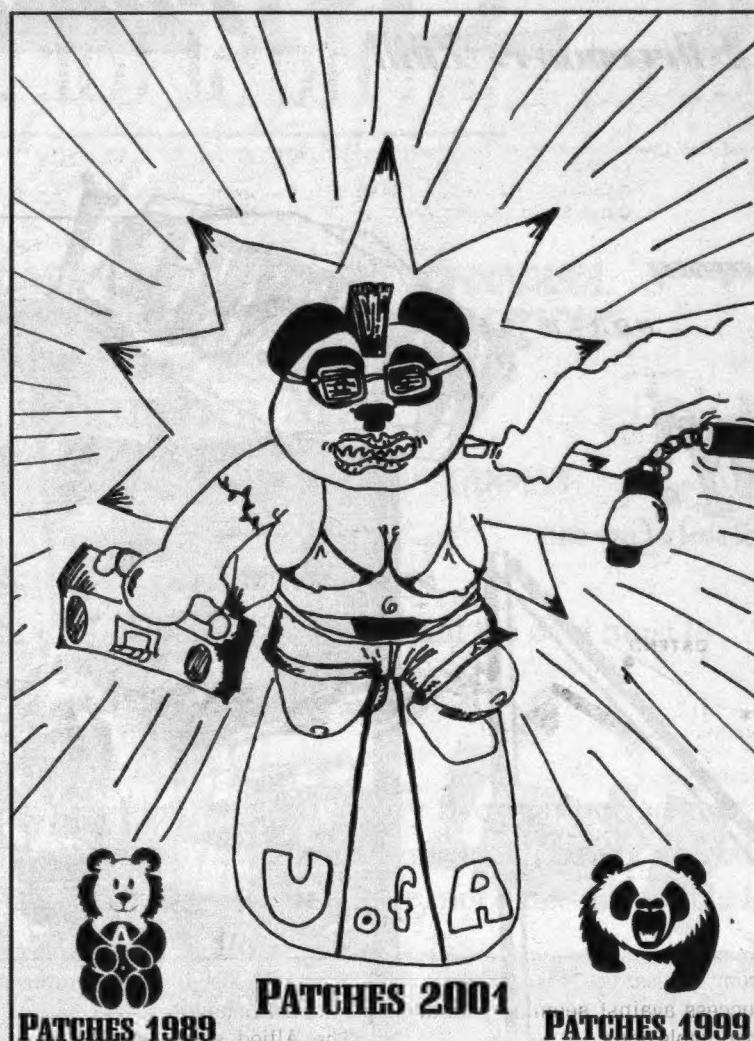
"Number one: she's tough," said McFarlane. "But she's also a woman, but one that doesn't take no guff, just like that—oh, what's her name? Ginger Spice!"

McFarlane stated that he did extensive research prior to preliminary sketches.

"I watched *Electric Circus* for like, three weeks in a row, and played a lot of *Street Fighter II*," said the Arizona-based bazillionaire. "And then it struck me: I'm way beyond this. So I let my son's friend Kenny draw it."

Some students were left confused by the amalgamation, which incorporates a number of conflicting elements and an overtly sexualized caricature of the bear, but the department chalks it up to "pro-activitess."

"Sadly, we don't have a surfing team, yet," stated Von Teags. "But I'm sure that if that ever came about, we'd respond at that time. We see the munchkins in a similar light. Should the CIS decide that it wants to add kung-fu surfing we'll be ready. We have a very good record among new women's sports teams—rugby, for example—and I'm sure our surfing team would be right up there with the West Coast schools, and I guess East coast schools. West Ed has a very good



Patches v.2001: "She's a kung-fu hippie from the Gangsta city, half Joe Camel and a third Fonzi," says Kenny, who designed the monstrosity.

'wave pool,' but wait, I'm starting to ramble."

Athletes were not impressed.

"Sweet Christ!" exclaimed a volleyball team member who would only speak on condition of anonymity. "It's just a logo, I know, but now even the Pronghorns will make fun of us."

The eccentric cartoonist continued that he was physically assaulted at the planning meeting when he first suggested the Bears' mascot, the ever-beloved Guba, be

given a makeover.

"I just thought that Guba could use a fixer-upper," said McFarlane of the Bears logo which has remained largely unchanged since the mid '60s. "The next thing I knew there was the kicking and the biting. I guess the lesson is that you shouldn't mess with things...even if it is wearing a beanie—who wears beanies anymore?"

"Bears can't wear beanies," he added with vitriol. "But I'd love to see one shoot a Plasma Blaster!"

## Chess trash talk reaches fevered pitch as Olympics approach

Hawking to Deep Blue: 'Yer castlin' ass is mine now, you dumb fucker!"

**Dick Pounder**  
SPECIAL TO THE GETAWAY

In a last ditch effort to ruin the Olympics former IOC chairman Juan Antonio Samaranch has persuaded IOC members to name Chess as the next Olympic medal sport. "These athletes have sumptuous strength... mental strength!" said Samaranch who wore a diamond-studded rook on a heavy gold chain.

The new "sport" will be added to the 2004 Summer Games in Athens, Greece. This came after a debate over which Olympic games chess would be appropriate for.

After months of controversy as to whether the summer or winter games would shelter the sport, the decision was moved to the summer games due to spacial concerns.

"Salt Lake had no more room," commented 2004 Athens president Angelos Giannakopoulos. "We stepped up and offered an auxiliary gym with a card table and a

couple of folding chairs."

Immediately, US chess fanatics salivated at the idea of an American dream team.

Early front-runners for the squad were chess legend/recluse Bobby Fischer, and IBM super-computer Deep Blue.

**"Hey, Fischer! Say 'hi' to JD Salinger for me, you Pawn-to-Queen's-three reclusive jackass."**

— Garry Kasparov,  
Grandmaster

"Flushing Fischer out of hiding may be a difficult task," added US committee president Sandra Baldwin. "We may need to reallocate some bribe money or divert the gifts we usually send the IOC."

If Fischer-recruitment attempts fail, IBM has promised Deep Blue will be ready and willing to make the trip.

Thus far, the UK has boasted that super-genius Stephen Hawking

would put them over the top. The wheelchair-bound applied-mathematician would be a "lock" for at least Special Olympic gold.

The top US competition will come from Team-Azerbaijan chess heavy-rooker Garry Kasparov, who has given Blue a hard time in exhibition play. Kasparov is considered more of an all-around player, better suited to Olympic rules (a larger, more open board, favouring the European-style of play).

The Swedish contingent has declared they will play no warm-up games or tournaments against each other, claiming training camps give an unfair advantage. IOC drug prevention officials have added gingko to the banned-substances list, and will be watching Deep Blue for any kind of RAM-doping.

"On 08/13/2004, I'll write Kasparov a 'check' that his Azerbaijani-ass can't cash!" Deep Blue printed.

In the event that Deep Blue is victorious, a gold medal will be attached to the casing of the unit with scotch tape.

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# *asseroles* *redux*

Tuesday, 4 December, 2001

GO, smack IT!  
then FEEL IT!  
and TOUCH IT!  
before YA EAT IT!  
do IT! IT! IT!

THIS WEEK!

## Win my virginity!

(in the back seat of my car)

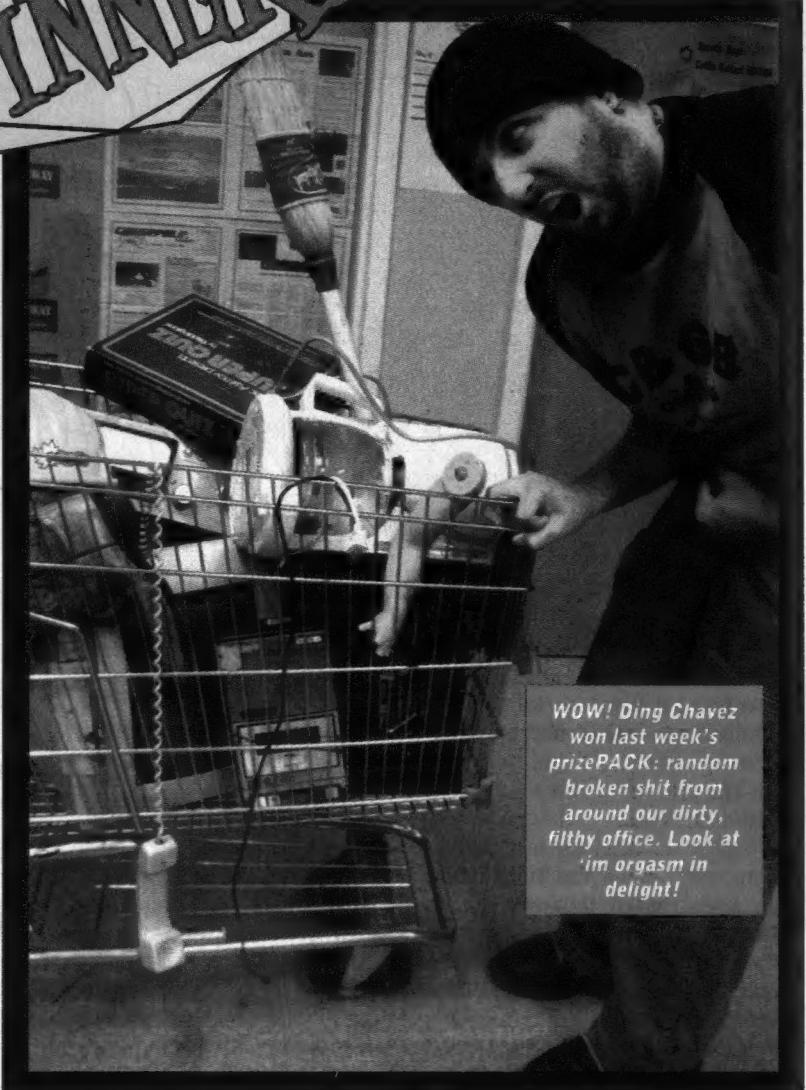
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DEFLOWERED LIKE THE MAN  
HE WANTS TO BE.

Loosening

Ha!

WINNER!



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won last week's  
prizePACK: random  
broken shit from  
around our dirty,  
filthy office. Look at  
'im orgasm in  
delight!

## BAD POETRY

Buy da numerundos!

I used to walk with her  
I used to be her slave  
I used to be the one that would give her back a shave

But now she's gone  
and I'm left alone and cold at night  
without out my big fat gorilla lover to tuck me in tight

Oh, Gorilla Lover  
Big and Fat

Oh, Gorilla Lover  
your flabby twat

Gorilla Lover,  
I miss you ...

Banana goes in ass, now

SIZZ!

BLORT!

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#### Midyear Convention

In general, business property is depreciated under a midyear rule that allows half a year's depreciation for the first year, whether you buy property in January or December.

— Steamy Lil Bottom

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If you don't report a taxable profit for three out of any five-year period your activity is assumed to be a hobby. The distinction is important because if the expenses of a hobby exceed the income, the difference is considered a personal expense, not a tax-deductible loss.

## MIDQUARTER CONVENTION

In general, business property is depreciated under a midyear rule that allows half a year's depreciation for the first year, whether you buy property in January or December. However, if you buy more than 40% of the business property you put into service for the year during the fourth quarter, the midquarter convention takes over. With it, you depreciate each piece of property as though it were placed into service in the middle of the calendar quarter in which it was purchased. You claim just six weeks' worth of depreciation for property put in service during the final quarter, for example.

Offshore income earned by a Canadian resident is fully taxable in Canada and must be reported for the purpose of income tax. Failure to do so is

TAX EVASION!!!

## Premature distributions

Withdrawals from company retirement plans subject to a 10% penalty if you're under age 55 (in the year you leave the job) or under age 59 1/2 (if you're still employed).

If you have income that is not subject to immediate deductions at the source then you might have to pay quarterly income tax instalments. If you waive the quarterly payments you will be charged interest until the amount is paid.

## WASH SALE

The sale of stocks, bonds or mutual fund shares for a loss when, within 30 days before or after that sale, you buy the same or substantially identical securities. The law forbids the deduction of the loss.

ASS!

"Don't let the tax tail wag the investment dog."

— An important message from a tax broker, or just a homeless guy I met in KFC

Tues. 9 December, 2001

asserule redux

# FARTS & SCENT CONTAINMENT

THE GATEWAY

Thursday, 4 December, 2001

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PB & J fuels artistic romp through the daisies

Artist sleepy; time for a nappy wappy

**S M R T REVIEW**  
*Exploiting Kids for Fun and Profit*  
FLAB  
8 December - Bedtime

Erroneous Thorkelbreath  
CHARITY & MENTAL DISPLACEMENT EDITOR

He's been likened to everyone from Salvador Dali to Jackson Pollock, but, despite the accolades, four-year-old Timmy Falder keeps a down-to-earth attitude. "I like painting almost as much as snack time," he says.

The colourful scenes depicted in Falder's playful yet profound construction paper creations reflect a mind deep in torment, hidden behind the façade of the modern nuclear family. "I don't like my baby sister," explains the graduate of Ms Gardner's playschool art class. "That's why I always draw her with a big bump on her nose."

His choice of imagery displays a polished understanding of classical mythology mixed with the necessary post-modern distrust of the established laws behind everyday experience. "I like stories," he claims, "but not if they gots monsters in them, then they're scary."

Even deeper than the subject matter is the artist's subversion of the conventions of painting through his innovative use of non-toxic tempera paint. "I like red," points out the artist, "but blue tastes the best."

Though it is early in his career, Falder is already suffering from the inevitable style-doppelgängers. "Once Melissa Bunts stole my favourite crayon colour and made a picture that got a green star," remembers Falder. "So I pulled her hair at recess."

However, the synthesis of Falder's latest work can't be copied; it lays in the polydactal exploration of anti-disestablishmentarian techniques. "My mommy says that if I paint for a half hour, she'll let me watch *Sesame Street*," he says. "I hope we have peanut butter and jam for lunch."

PB&J indeed.



Genius in a small body.

## Damn The Man Mutha-Fuckahs

Artists defy the system by selling lots of CD, having lots of sex, and doing lots of drugs

**COCK PREVIEW**  
*Das Lichtenstein Mina Baells with Les Tabernacles Bigwoodie Lounge*  
8 December

Leather Padler  
TAFFS & FRUITFUL LATENT HALT

Ever since Mozart raised his harpsichord to the stormy Austrian sky and pounded out the driving riffs of "Die Zauberflöte" and announced, "let there be classical," bow-tie-clad cock-fiddlers have been blazing their way across this great big land of ours, drinking, puking, fucking, and drilling out the thunderous fugues of hate-drenched rebellion in the name of their dark muse, Satan. Meet Dvorzeckja Überstien, lead flautist of Das Lichtenstein Mina Baells and high priest in the holy war against "The fuckin' Man."

"There's nothing I hate more than that people have to tie the laces on their shoes ... You know, like 'make two bunny ears and then tie them together in a knot like this,'" explains Überstien. "It's so fuckin' oppressive—like we're bein' shoved into these categories, like 'you can tie your shoes and you can't.' What about velcro? or

slip-ons? Fuck, I totally hate that." Überstien's years spent surviving stale crème brûlée, single-ply toilet paper, three-star hotels, cheap champagne in business class flights on the way to Amsterdam only to find that his rental car is a standard instead of an automatic and red instead of ocean blue even though his favourite colour is blue and goddamn he hates red and where is the fucking valet cuz he can't carry all his own luggage in this heat and why is it so hot in the middle of January, isn't it supposed to be cold here, and where was this sentence going, anyway... oh ya, Überstien hates The Man and everything he stands for.

"You gotta be yourself man, no matter how many people think you look fat in pink. That's what it means to be human: you can wear pink horizontal stripes if you want to, even if they don't match with your green leather pants, cuz fuck, it's your right," he continues. "There is a whole lot more to life than matching your belt to your tie and wearing slimming clothes and drinking margaritas on the beach with Elton John but, hey man, if that's what floats your boat, do it."

And Überstien will do anything—I mean anything—in the name of almighty classical. "We're



Date Rossitbore / THE GATEWAY

**Das Lichtenstein Mina Baells is really, really rowdy and rebellious.**

fucked up on stage," he explains. "Sometimes I throw shit at those asswipe kids in the audience—they fuckin' love it. One time I grabbed my oboist and started tickling his scrotum with my flute ... but then I realized that we weren't actually in front of an audience and that the guy wasn't my oboist. Shit was that embarrassing."

Das Lichtenstein's first CD, *Lich mein Beethoven* will reflect their lead flautist's fuck-The-Man attitude. "I think the CD's going to be really fresh and hot," he says. "Or

at least that's what they told me. I don't really remember it because I was so fucked up on blow while we were recording it."

Until its release, you sorry maggots are just going to have to rely on Das Lichtenstein's live performance to free your pathetic existence from the disgusting cesspool of your own vile, corporate-controlled insipidness, with their raunchy, crotch-powered crescendos and grinding, heart-wrenching diminuendos. Überstien promises. It'll be like shitting in the key of E, man."

## Shlongs hang low at the Whore-o-witz

Do you know why women are such bad drivers? Because men keep telling them this is six inches

**PETER REVIEW**  
*The Penis Monologues*  
Starring Gowan, Pat Morita, and Michael J Fox  
Whore-o-witz Theatre  
Seems like forever

Adim Raisinheart  
LAMBS & SELF DISPLACEMENT CHAM

Playwright Art Soghey worried about the status of the human wang. People called them "dick," "cock," "Johnson," "schlong," and "one-eyed trouser snake." Few people call them "penises" anymore.

This all changed when Soghey interviewed dozens of men about their dinks. These men candidly shared their secrets and as a result, the word "penis" changed in status from dirty to zestfully clean.

*The Penis Monologues* deals with the most intimate of subjects; it is a mosaic of men's stories that provides insight into why men are so amused by Beavis and Butthead, the "pull-my-finger" joke, and Adam Sandler albums. The play, starring Gowan, Pat Morita, and Michael J Fox, is much different than the book, as a live performance is akin to having your brain smashed out against a coffee table with a cinder block. Because the monologues are so candid, they

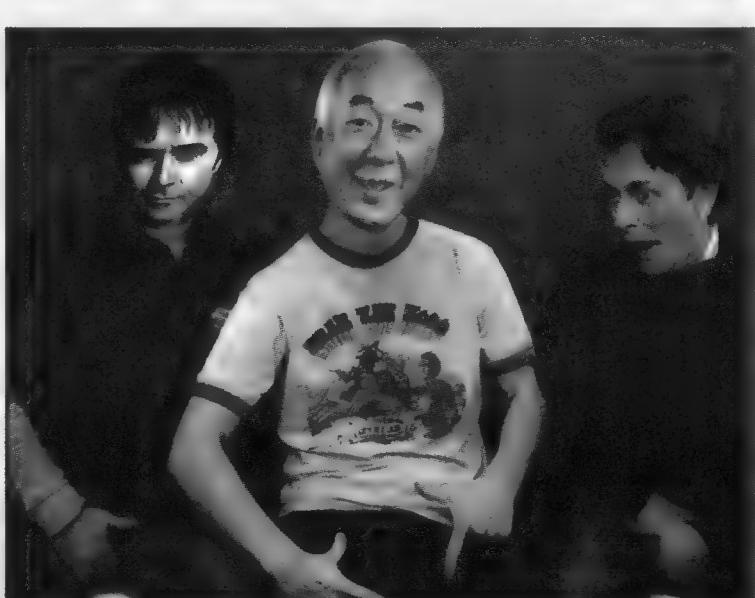
remain with the audience long after they wish they could forget how lame the stories are.

Some of the tales are hilarious, mostly because the word "cock" comes up often. And that's funny. For example, "Ouch, my Scrotum" is about a young man doing up his pants, when he accidentally zips up his dong. He's so surprised by his own carelessness that he farts and burps at the same time. Humiliated by his own lameness, he never changed his pants again. Gowan dedicated "Ouch, my Scrotum" to a 63-year-old man who didn't know what the word "choda" meant.

At times, the performance was very funny. When Morita made a joke about "waxing on and waxing off," the audience howled with laughter, because he was actually talking about jacking off. Get it? He jacked around his cock 'n balls, and made a pun about a line from the *Karate Kid* that alluded to masturbation.

The audience was in stitches when Fox told the story titled, "Sad Pee, Wet Bum," a tale of the short man's frustration and lack of control when he completely failed to urinate into the porcelain bowl. After the bout of laughter and applause, Fox ran out of the auditorium screaming, "no one understands me!"

*The Penis Monologues* isn't all



These three great men have their hands on their dinks for a good cause: the liberation of the male sexual organ. It gives us an erection just thinking about the orgy of homoerotic fun.

about light-hearted crotch humour, however. Most of the audience was reduced to tears when they realized they had shelled out upwards of \$50 to see three grown men talkin' cock and thinking up new euphemisms for the word "penis." After the realization of what a waste of a night it had been, the auditorium fell silent until Morita piped up, saying "I know you're out there—I can hear you breathing."

As the production finally wrapped up, Gowan offered to

trade sex for money in order to bolster his limp recording career. The audience was suddenly aware of the bizarre homoerotic tension that had pervaded the theatre all night.

Some left the Whore-o-witz alone, others shacked up with fellow theatre-goers. But all left with an unrelenting desire to watch reruns of *Charles in Charge*. At the very least, it was an opportunity for men to finally feel comfortable with their poon-tang shovels.

# Everybody must get stoned: to death

The complete infidel's guide to making a really, really bad film

## GRIM OUTLOOK

### *Big Allah's House*

Directed by Ridley Scott  
Starring Martin Lawrence,  
Alan Alda, Ted Danson,  
Tom Sizemore, Freddie  
Prinze Jr, Jet Li  
Now Playing

Admed Hinklestein  
FORBIDDEN FRUIT OF ENTERTAINMENT

You know that old saying about the book being better than the movie? The ad campaign, with its "Mo' Money, Mo' Camels, Mo'mammed" tagline apparently left three people unoffended by the time the opening credits got around to "Screenplay by Salman Rushdie." When "Based on an idea by the Prophet Mohammed," rolled around, that problem had been remedied.

Miramax's fledgling Favorite Religions Division has already drawn heavy criticism, particularly for its casting of comedian Martin Lawrence (*House Party 2: The Pyjama Jam*) as Mohammed.

Still, producer Jerry Bruckheimer does attempt a sincere exploration of a misunderstood and often demonized religion. He brushes off the controversy surrounding the decision to transplant the story to eighteenth century Portugal.

"We didn't think America was ready for a film set [in the Middle East]. That's a very sensitive area right now, and we don't want to offend anyone," says the producer of *Remember the Con Air American Gigolo*. "But at the same time, we didn't want to remove any of those elements that make Islam so much fun."

"We had to make a few minor adjustments—that whole 'compassionate and merciful' thing didn't



This Lawrence of Arabia will drive you to commit suicide.

play well with the focus groups—but for the most part, I think they're an improvement. This is a film the whole family will treasure for years to come," he continues, "And one that will help mend some fences. It's like that movie I keep making. You know, about those mismatched cops who learn to respect each other's differences?"

Be that as it may, it doesn't explain Lawrence's bold artistic move to reinvent The Prophet as a jive-talkin' spice merchant named Moe Al-Dawg, who's given to screaming inanities like "Rama-damn, girl, you workin' that burqa!" And his insistence that "They gots to name a city after me, 'cause I'm Islami-bad!" is considered such a wellspring of humor that it's repeated on no less than five occasions. Yet somehow, an even greater travesty lurks in the form of Emilio Esteves' portrayal of Allah.

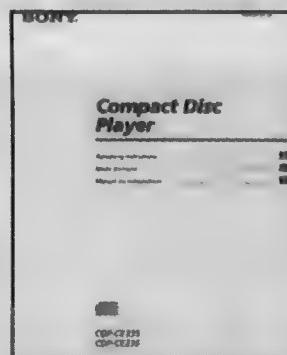
Apparently, Bruckheimer's dream was to realize the full spectacle of Mohammed's madcap, yet enlightening, chase through the streets of Lisbon in a cart loaded with five hundred pounds of

uncut Turkish hashish. And then, of course, there are the robotic sharks.

Instead of coming out of the theatre pondering how the tenets of Islam fit in with my own beliefs, I had different questions on my mind. Like why do the characters keep talking about "Tasty, refreshing Coca-Cola Products?" What exactly is Napoleon doing here? And why does Lawrence keep professing the need to "Get my Jihad on?" By the time the screen faded to black, and the remix of Snoop Cubey-T's "Shake Watcha Master Lets Ya" thundered by in full THX, the contents of my stomach were mingling with the inexplicable goo of the auditorium floor.

Still, I must confess that between bouts of dry heaving I was momentarily distracted from unpleasant images of air strikes and famine-wracked refugee camps. And Bruckheimer will actually attain his vision of bringing people together, as we gather to through themselves in front of moving cars in a fit of depression caused by the state of modern film.

# CD goes in, CD comes out



## BROKE REVIEW

### *User Manual for Compact Disc Player Models CDP-CE335 and CDP-CE235*

by Various Tibetan Refugees  
Three Disc Changer Press

Sir James Elfalot

PUNCTUATION DAMAGE

In a world where being literate means reading *Archie Digest* once a month, it is especially refreshing to have a chance to read a booklet that isn't afraid to challenge the reader's mind with its author's own brand of brash, witty and poignant commentary. So powerful and distinct an author's voice, it's no wonder that it has been translated into French and Spanish as well (conveniently included in the same book as the English copy).

The booklet provides a sweeping look at the operations of both the CDP-CE335 and CDP-CE235 model compact disc player, from the first Chapter ("Getting Started") to the final informative index. Indeed, the index must be pointed out as one of the many highlights, as the author's sly wit and ability to provide an alphabetically organised way to look up information shows both the craftsmanship and skill that went into this booklet.

Indeed, the careful thought can be seen in the consideration paid to those readers who might not be as intellectually adept as others, even including a Troubleshooting

section that reminds us to ensure a CD is in the player. How droll! While the booklet was written for everyone, using both symbols and diagrams to help accentuate the novel, there are points of deep complexity. Even I have trouble "Recording a CD by specifying tape length."

One criticism that I have is that while the writing is technically impeccable and straightforward, there are points where it seems almost to dry, as if the author is afraid to break with his style and enjoy himself as much as his readers have been doing. It does not take away from the booklet, but it does make some parts drag a little as we struggle with the occasionally dry material. This is a problem that this author, like so many in the technical document genre, has struggled with his entire career. We can only hope that he will have greater success in dealing with it in his next publication (the as-yet-untitled instructions for my next VCR).

One of the most interesting themes explored in the booklet is so subtle that it is almost missed. Throughout the entire work a quiet tension is built between user and machine, culminating in the open conflict of the Troubleshooting section. It examines the eternal tensions and dialectic created between operator and equipment—the often violent and passionate battle between the confused human and the infernal machine. It is this examination that holds the entire booklet together, drawing us in as we try to understand our relationship to the electronic devices that we rely upon daily.

*User Manual for Compact Disc Player Models CDP-CE335 and CDP-CE235* forces us to examine our lives and ask us ourselves: "Which button do I press to make it shuffle the songs and why?" "Who designed this piece of shit?" and "Crap ... I hope this thing is under warranty."

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# Sweet Jesus, is this still going on?

A&E  
SPACE FILLER

Saddam Houstein  
SPACE & MENTAL LAMENT CRAFT

Run DMC cameos in *Fraggle Rock*; Billy Idol's acid-washed jeans; corny minor-celebrity failed solo projects; low-brow, banal films about cheese-eating aliens; and albums written by hipsters with unpronounceable names you've never heard of are all examples of "cool shit." And by "cool shit" I am of course referring to entities worthy of appearing in text next to such illustriously exalted (yes, that's out of a thesaurus) personalities as Little MC (who I've seen in concert no less than 13 times and has confoundingly virtuous taste in bullet-proof monk dancers) and Xiang-Ming Jablowsky (the half-Korean, half Polish action film director who's bastard albino sister also appeared in Marlon Brando's unreleased epic *Ninja Pants*, which ironically was quite possibly the most horrifically campy film of the neo-Shichinin-no-samurai area). Indeed, nearly every randomly obscure piece of hokey pop-culture, preferably from the '80s, is totally awesome in a Zula-Hula miniature electronic dancing-doll-on-codeine way.

But do you know what's not cool? Everything you like. All those "critically acclaimed," "high budget," "entertaining," and "thought-provoking" bits of media you rather



This scene is from the only film this author deems acceptable: *The Bride of the Neighbour of the Dark Ninja* starring Ukrainian-Korean popstar, Vida.

deludedly believe to be hip are actually lamer than Prince Charles at a Psychedelic Furs concert ... err, yeah, or something like that.

And what's up with inbreeding in the royal family anyways? Ever since the Hapsburgs started humping their cousins, the world has become one fucked up place where not even things like the exceptionally virtuous 1982 horror film *Serial Killer Surprise*, which features rarely seen footage of Chevy Chase's liver imploding, are held sacred any longer.

No wonder all royal people have six pinky fingers and an ass for a face because, really, government in general is just an unnecessary bureaucratic apparatus used as

an excuse to eat babies and rape dead elk so why can't we just have anarchy or something? Or at least let Matt Groening rule the earth so cynical nihilism can finally be appreciated for the hyperbolic non-sensical Jackson-Five reference that it is. It's got a beat and you can dance to it, kind of like an intern at the White House.

Wait, what was I talking about again? Oh yeah, how lame you are for liking things that aren't completely obscure and random. Why don't you just go steal food from starving children in Ethiopia already?

The fact of the matter is, if more than five people on the face of the earth like what you like, or if your

reasons for liking it make more sense than putting a horned toad in a microwave just to watch it explode, than it's obviously worthless and you are obviously an idiot ... or maybe I'm really the idiot for wasting the preciously fleeting moments of my unfulfilling life writing for this student newspaper with the diluted hope it will lead me to some sort of "success" or "future advancement"—who knows. Anyways, like the Flemish version of the *Happy Days* theme I downloaded off of Aimster last week, the more inane something seems the better it is.

But don't try to fake being old-school jiggy because if you can't defend your shlong monster opinions you'll just end up looking like every other *Darma-and-Greg*-watching crotch cricket in town. To quote legendary pro-wrestling phenomena turned jazz singer, Rap-Mullet-Killa, "don't be all up in da Kool-Aid when you don't even know da flava!"

It takes years of over-exposure to underground pop-culture to become bitter, cynical, completely insane and thus grossly uncool like me so there's no room for morals, sensitivity, or George Foreman waffle grills if you want to be able to kick out random obscurity Wu-Tang style.

If you really want to be hip someday, you'd better be ready to subject yourself to hours of listening to everything from Yanni to Yiddish death metal and even then you'll probably never be as dejected and contemptuous as I.



**The Crystal Methodist**  
*Weekend (At Bible Camp)*  
Holy Turntable Records  
[www.jesusdressup.com](http://www.jesusdressup.com)

Brave Salamander  
BUTTARD-IN-BRATH

Staunch Christian beliefs and funky dance-rock beats don't usually go hand-in-hand, but The Crystal Methodist has pulled it off with a virginal approach to the wild abandon of electronica.

*Weekend (At Bible Camp)* fuses sermon outtakes, the Izba men's choir and organ solos with beats so phat they could shake the pillars of heaven. Songs like "Christ Compels You (to Get up and Dance)," "The Light of God is Trippy," "JC-DJ," and "Crucifunk" demonstrate a God-given talent to create a larger-than-life dance sound that makes you feel guilty for shakin' it.

Guest vocals by Tom Morello, DMX and Amy Grant add the soul that will get asses off of pews and onto the dance floor.

Some music writers accuse The Crystal Methodist of using big bass tracks and a textured soundscape to deceptively insert subliminal religious messages. After listening to *Weekend* several times, one will inevitably come to the conclusion that those critics will surely burn in sodomite hell.

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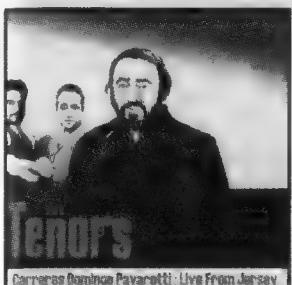
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**The Tenors**  
Live from Jersey  
'Ow You Doin Records  
[www.wasupwithyou.com](http://www.wasupwithyou.com)

**She-Ra Colons**  
DARTS & HOME IMPROVEMENT STAFF

After a three-year absence due to a short stint in the Witness Protection Program, The Tenors, New Jersey's premiere musical triumvirate has returned with a new recording and HBO special, *Live From Jersey*.

Recorded in a historic abandoned warehouse on hidden FBI tape, the angelic bravado of gangland fugitives "Lucky" Luciano Pavarotti,

### GUESS WHAT'S IN MY PANTS...

Hey kids, do you want to win a 400lb safe with the Students' Union logo embossed in lovely silver on the front? Just be the first one to come down to the loading dock at midnight, knock three times and caretakers Tony and Gyan will give you a key to your dreams.

But remember, this is on the QT—real hush-hush.

Placido "The Flamingo" Domingo, and Jose "The Other Guy" Carreras echoes with gritty resonance, rekindling memories of the golden age of La Cosa Nostra.

*Live from Jersey* is a hauntingly beautiful collection of classic operatic favourites such as Verdi's "I Gotti Siciliani," "Who Shot-o Mio," and Mozart's lesser-known aria, "Whack That Fucker and Dump Him on the Turnpike," and more contemporary selections such as Julio Iglesias' "To All the Goombas I've Loved Before."

The Tenors pepper each note with the unmistakable sound of cracking cartilage and gunshots: the signature seasoning of every Tenors album.

Perhaps the most poignant track is "Time to Say Goodbye," a heartfelt eulogy to former Tenor familia member, Andrea "Peepers" Bocelli, who "mysteriously disappeared" at an "aquarium sleepover" earlier this year.

Bambinos and bambinas, *Live From Jersey* is an album that will have you quivering with bliss from your head to cement-shod feet.

### SOCIALIST INTERCOURSE

**1st Annual General Meeting of the Socialist Worker's Party of Old Strathcona**  
Greg's House  
Wednesday December

We'll be rockin' out for togetherness Monday night at the casa de Greg (his Mom's not home!) to pound out some hot party policy and plan the coming rock 'n roll rally. Expect to see lots of hot chicks in dreadlocks groovin' to the smooth beat of proletariat solidarity. Organic fruit punch and vegan tofu cookies will be provided to everyone equally regardless of race, or sex.

**Rally**  
Legislature  
Friday 8 December

If you've never been to a rally for justice, you're in for a treat. The hottest kids in town will be showin' up at the Alberta legislature to protest oppression by The Man.

It's cold out so bring some warm duds. Don't forget to bring your own tambourine and bullhorn or you'll be left in the dust. And remember, only the capitalist pig-dogs bogart the peace pipe. Power to the people!

Compiled by Comrad Adamovich Rozensky

### CULTURA PERVERTIA

**Censored**

**My Uncle's Child Porn**

**Brave Salamander**  
UNITARD-IN-CHAPS

Hey lovers of dumb shit. I usually reserve this space for writing about lame shit I find in the darkest corners of my basement, but I actually found something in someone else's basement for a change.

Last weekend my aunt and uncle invited me over for dinner. After we ate, I snuck down into their storage room and rummaged through their personal stuff.

In a heavily duct-taped box I discovered my Uncle Frank's collection of child pornography. Ha! Naked kids, who'd have thought?

But here's the best part: he's an elementary school teacher! Can you imagine the look of horror on the faces of his students' parents? Even better: his wife! Or the cops! Man, is that funny!

### SHITE UNSEEN



**www.supert.com**

**Dandy Laser Eyes**  
PANTS WITH STAINS ARE STIFF

Man this site is fucking rank!  
I was going to my favorite site,  
supert.com and typed "wassup"

into the file name. Much to my torment, supert.com DID NOT HAVE AN INDEX NAMED WASSUP! What the FUCK?! I have to depend on Supert.com to do such things as relay me to superfastgo.com and samhillband.com.

When I found out that my favourite website did not have a directory devoted to the best commercials in the entire history of the universe my soul was shattered like amber containing a prehistoric bee.

The fact that supert.com does not have a Wassup page but instead leaves me impotent to find anything about Wassup ads by giving me a standard 404 page is the final humiliation.

It is my proposition to never go to supert.com ever again. You got that supert.com?  
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6 CISR/GATEWAY 7 SU HACKS  
8 INDUST DESIGN 9 MECH ENG 10 FORESTRY  
SIN BIN  
#1 #3 PANDA HOCKEY  
#2 #16 PANDA FIELD HOCKEY



# Your FU



**Effedrin Wanker**  
**Gamey Rears**  
**Borris Zwack-Off**  
**Lay-me Taliban!**  
**Piss Manual**  
**EIP residente**

### First the FU...

I want to control every single aspect of the FU to ensure it remains accountable to me, Piss. I am going to squash each and every murmur of dissent at the FU. First, Operation Death by Boredom: With an endless barrage of letters-to-the-editor (stir in one part mental retardation to every three parts astronomic ego) I will slowly lull the Getaway and its entire readership into a sleep so deep that no-one will be able to wake up and run the paper. Evil genius? Yes I am. Next, Operation Democracy's Demise: I will purge this University of those pesky "democratically established," "student-voted," "voice of the people" referendum groups (like that horrible PURG!!!!!!!) by getting rid of democracy altogether! Instead, I will rule this entire campus theocratically. I can, I'm Piss. Now, watch me gesture wildly with my hands!

### ...Then the World!!!

As my power grows and I become stronger, the final phase of my plan will manifest itself. After consolidating my stranglehold over the FU, I plan on taking over the entire world and ruling with an iron fist. Millions of my followers will march, crushing every bit of democracy underneath their boots, until I am the supreme, ultimate, absolute, transcendent ruler, sovereign and high commander of everything in this universe. Then I'll kick back and get another perm.

As first semester draws to an end, the FU Executive is resisting the urge to look back at past accomplishments. And not just because there aren't any, but because responsible student leaders should only be looking back when parallel parking. Next semester the Exec is going to try extra hard to put the "you" back in FU. Check out what they have in store for the future:

### Lay-me Taliban! Vice-President Epidemic

Ummm, you may not know me ... but I am your VP Epidemic ... you know ... you elected me last spring. Ok, not really; I was the only one running. Well I have been working hard ... at keeping a low profile because you people scare me. My goals for next semester include coming out from under my desk, using public washrooms, and sucking up to, uh, I mean recognizing my talented professors. If you need me I'll be in my bubble or curled up in Wanker's cozy lap.

### Borris Zwack-Off Vice-President Vacation

Did you know your \$100 per year buys me glorious all-expense-paid trips to exotic far off locations like Flin-Flon? Going on all these trips makes me tired like after eating a big turkey dinner, so I rarely come to work ... but when I do you can be sure I'm having a nap. My frat, CASA (Canadian Alliance of Sassy Aeroplanes) and I have been busy picking up chicks, and last week I bought 37 Subway subs on my SU credit card. If you need me, I'll be out.

### Gamey Rears VP Masturbations In Sweatpants

Hi, I'm Gamey Rears, your VP Masturbations In Sweatpants. I like Gameboy, riding the short bus, and eating PB&J [sandwiches]. I've got all your money in a giant piggy bank and I bet my dad could beat up your dad. I'm completely useless, but cute as a button. When I grow up I wanna be a fire truck.

### Effedrin Wanker VP Free Stuff for Friends

Hey guys! Lack of parking? No place to sleep? Stolen bike? Who cares? There will be a fantastic party at the Sour Plant tonight. Why worry about real life when there are party outfits to wear? Don't forget to join me for Week of Sodom (WOS), where I've arranged all types of great events like Run as Fast as You Can From My Laser Eyes, Bobbing for Souls in the Well of Tears and my favourite: the Cigarette Smoking Contest! Come watch my minions, oops, I mean my party pals, crown me Ice Queen at the winter carnival and then throw water on me so I melt.

**SASSIFIEDS**

*To place a sassified ad,  
look in the mirror with  
conviction and say,  
"Yes. I am worth it."*

**Get Bent**

82-YEAR-OLD MALE. Vintage "furnishings," a little rusty, but the parts still work like new. Call 555-2462 or visit Grandview Geriatric Centre for more information. Rates start at \$5/hr.

Is Pantene completely failing to make your hair its shiny best? Rent the Rug Doctor. Our Rug Doctor, Todd, will come straight to your door and suck all of that unsightly crud out of your flowing mane. Any part of your body, any time. One VP Student Life, available to the highest corporate bidder. Call J Wanke, 492-4241.

**Servicing**

"Masturbating problems?" Meet Bill Mondays at 7:00 pm and he can give you a hand. Phone 544-6969 for info. Goin' to pimpin' school? Tips, tricks and secrets. E-mail Cheezy-Chili Dawg at jesuslovesyou@hotmail.com.

**Fer Sale**

NEED ORGANS? Kidneys, lungs, bladders, etc. Come to the MedSci office, 2-900 SUB. Make sure to be wearing fake nose and glasses. Knock 7 times.

BTO albums. Used condition, but still HOT AS EVER!! Look for the guy sporting the mullet sitting in HUB, makin' with his forearm.

**Wanted**

Fake ID, realistic looking, able to fool cops, campus security. Phone 765-4321, ask for Bobby Jr. Don't mention ad to my mom. Or my sister. Or cousin Jamie.

**Employment – Party Time**

Someone to keep an eye on my husband. I can't leave that adulterous son-of-a-bitch alone for 30 seconds without him running off with some hussy, but SOME of us have to work and support the family ... for Christ's sake ... Applicant must be straight, male, snappy dresser. Cook me grilled cheese sandwiches! Please?

**Employment – Fully Time**

Lookin' fer love in ALL the wrong places; I NEED you to make it happen. IT? You know. IT!

**Musketeers WANTED**

Young male who does not look suspicious, to drive several truck-loads of chemicals over border. Call Priss Bouquet.

Attractive single female under 25 to care for 82-year-old senior man. Duties

include sponge baths, massages, dirty talk, etc.

**Lust & Fondled**

Oi'm not wearing any knickers! Because I lost 'em, see. If you find any knickers under your mattress or hanging off that big oak tree in your back yard, please return them. Please? My jeans are rough and keep cutting me. It's cold.

Lost: sense of self-worth. Please hold me.

**Two Lines for That Two-Dollar Coin Thing With a Polar Bear****Freak On It**

To the mop-headed teen heart-throb in Hist 207, shut the fuck up! No one wants to hear about your Sarah McLachlan collection. PS: I love you, brown-eyes... sigh...

Hey guys, remember that time?!? Ha Ha ... ahhh ... good times. MAN that was rad!

Are there any girls out there for me to love? ... please? ... I just want somebody to love. SKIP

You guys wanna be my friends? I like friends! ERIKA

I contributed to this newspaper! See, I have to give myself recognition since no one else will... \*cry, cry, cry\* THE PEOPLE WHO WROTE THIS

**LOVER!  
Where are U  
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**2 admissions for \$2.50**  
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**\$7.01 + TAX 2 medium drinks 1 large popcorn**

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**SASSIFIEDS****TRONOWATCH**

I saw *Tron* a long time ago, at my friend's ninth birthday party.

So Jeff Bridges is workin' at his desk and he's got somethin' going on, like something kinda troublesome. So he falls asleep and gets sucked inside his computer.

So then, after that, he's, like, a slave, 'cause he's, like, a program; he has to work for the program. Like, no. 'Cause it's... He's like software, you know what I mean?

So he's kept in this cage, and, uh, they're wearing these, like, Cooper hockey helmets with, like, neon, like, glowing stuff, uh, translucent material on it.

They're like slaves and they're being pushed around by, I think it's hardware or like the overlords or somethin' like that, and they're forced to play these games. They're ridin' these fuckin' wicked lightcycles! It's almost like they're gladiators.

Um, there's a couple more games too. There's, like, the disk game, but I think that came in later. Also, in the arcade version of the game, they had this one part where you had to shoot spiders, but there wasn't any spiders in the movie, with your "laser-phaser." No, but that wasn't in the movie.

Anyway, so it ends in that they're... He's, uh, tryin' to get the slave rebellion going; he's like computer-Spartacus or something and he's tryin' to get away and he's drivin' this like fuckin' huge, I dunno, like a, like... it's like a "U," upside-down "U" with like a control module on top. And there's like battles and lasers and stuff. But he gets out eventually. And I forget if he gets to marry his girlfriend or not.

*That was hot. Tron Watch is a one-time feature by our resident pop-culture freak, Tron Gallant, sets the stage for the cosmos and invites you over to his house for pop 'n chips every Thursday to watch old Thundercats reruns on his old Beta VCR.*

**Change to Academic Schedule**

Please be advised that the University will be closed on Monday, December 24.

Our offices will re-open on January 2, 2002 and classes for most students will commence on January 7.

**Season's Greetings**

from the staff in the Office of the Registrar and Student Awards

**SUBtitles**

main floor, Students' Union Building

**cheque pickup**

Did you consign textbooks or CDs? If so, SUBtitles will have cheques available for pickup starting:

December 12th

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CBC Radio is travelling across the country in search of the most exciting unsigned talent.

By getting you airtime, by creating a buzz, we'll help you get your Big Break.

Rock, reggae, hip hop, pop, funk, electronica, alt. country, whatever.

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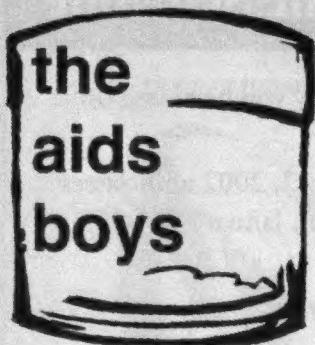
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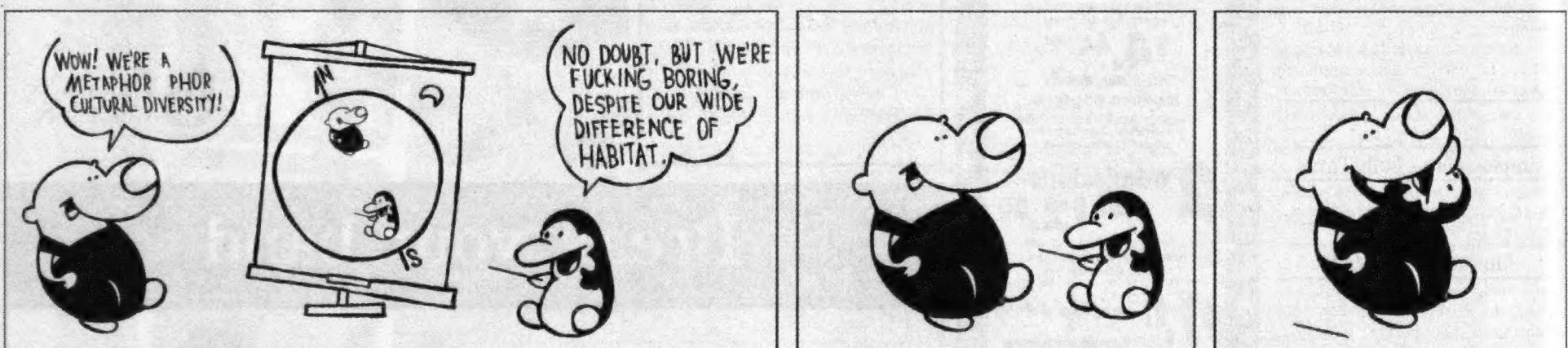
The AIDS Boys by Bike Splinters



Space Cat? by Bitch Griwgretzky



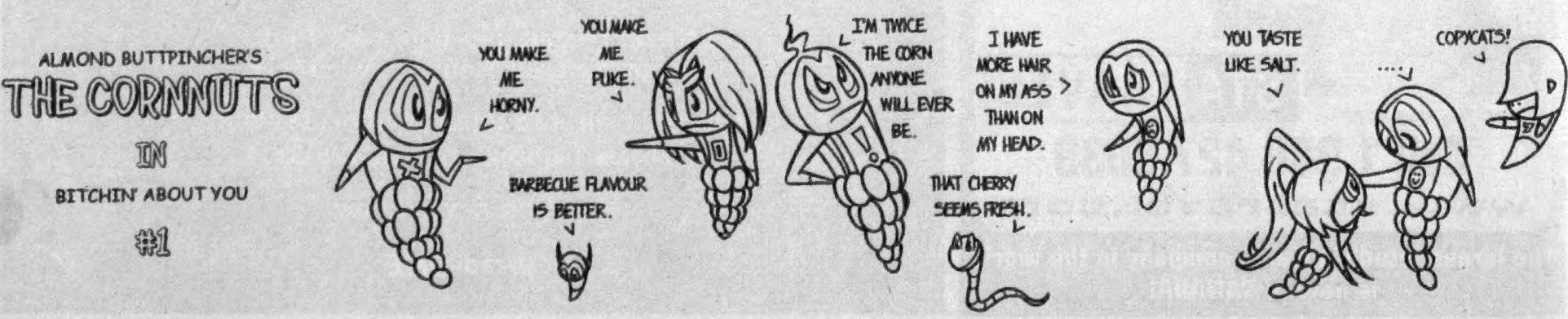
Brooklyn and Boring by Weldon Sommersby Earsworth



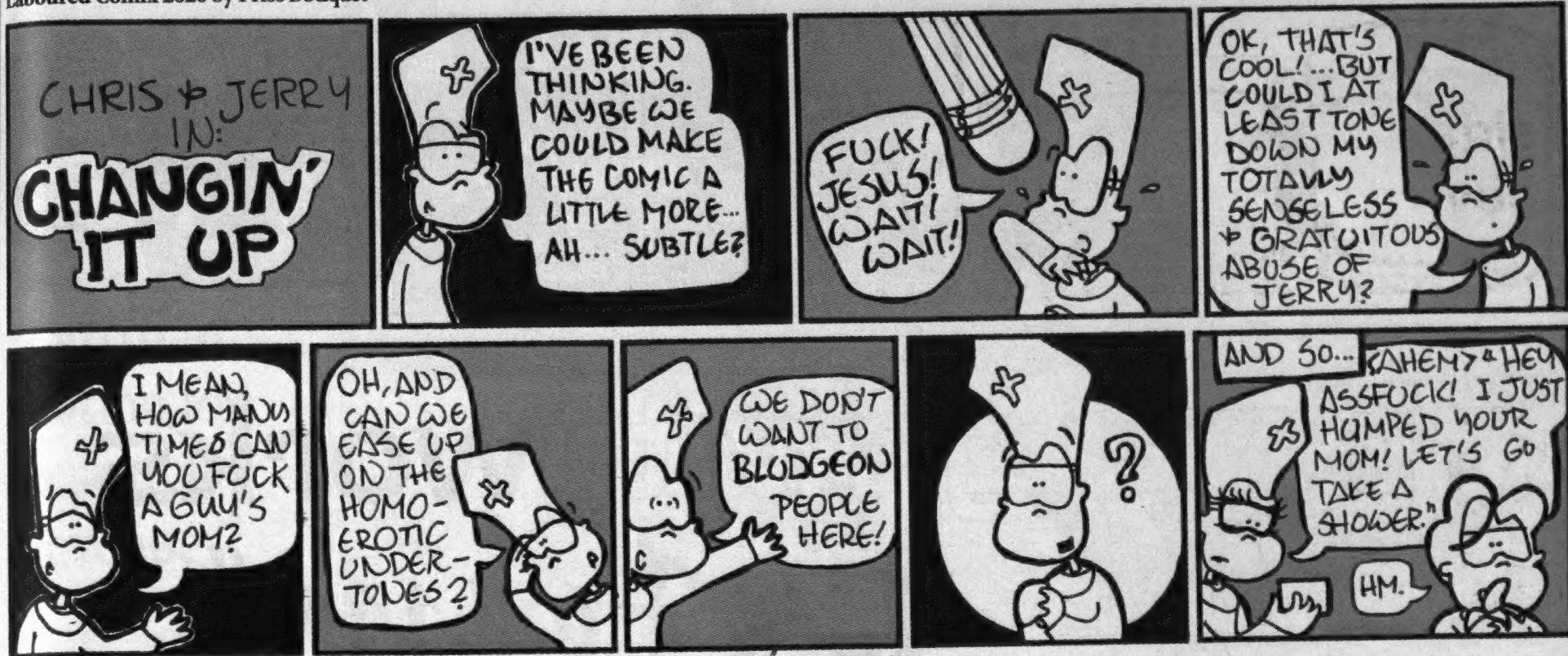
The Rabbit and Duck Show by Tony Esticle



The Cornnuts by Almond Buttpincher



Laboured Comix 2020 by Priss Bouquet



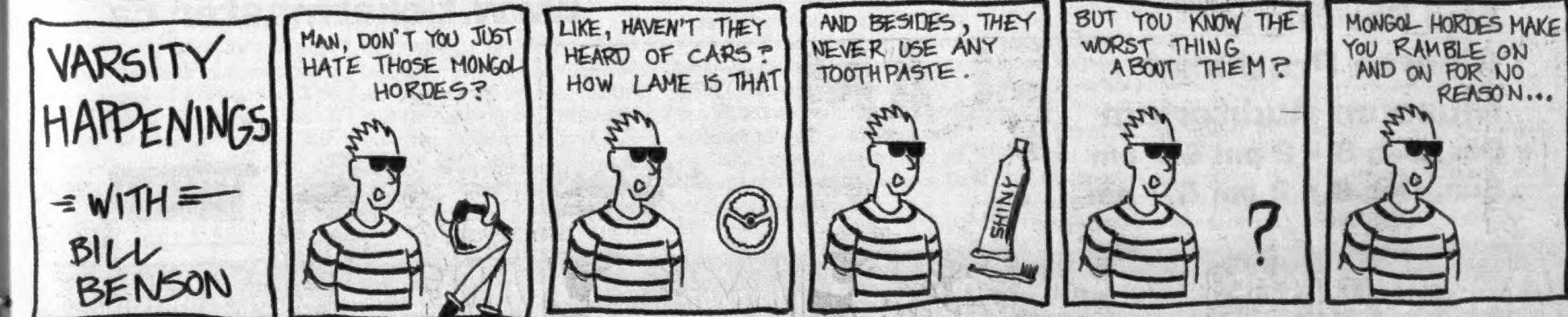
Assworld by Tutti from The Facts of Life



Super Breakout! by Two People Who Have Something to Hide



Varsity Slappings by Some Humourous Permutation of the Artist's Name



Knight Rider: the Gretzky and Kurri Years by H Valentin's Younger Sister





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